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THE PRINCESS ROYAL AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS.

52, Gower Street,



COUNTRY LIFE
The Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

HAND AND BRAIN.

FTER much ruminating a Memorandum of Agreement has been produced between the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries and the Board of Education in regard to agricultural education in England and Wales. While considering it we ought to have in mind the want it is supposed to supply. Many would say in an off-hand manner that the children in rural schools to-day are taught much as if they were meant to be clerks, to do reading and writing and arithmetic, and that the blank in the programme is that little is done to give them a practical acquaintance with the work that will await them in later years. Even the united officials of the Board of Education and the Board of Agriculture appear to be content with this view. At the same time, success in agriculture requires something more. Everybody knows that it is due at least as much to frugal and saving habits as to intelligence. Indeed, intelligence without rigid economy is of little avail on the farm. The children of an earlier generation were trained in a very hard school. Almost as soon as they could walk they were despatched to the field either to frighten the crows, sparrows and wood pigeons with their infantile voices, or to herd the grazing sheep and cows. The main point to carry in mind, however, is that they were part of a system which was carried out for the exclusive purpose of producing a livelihood. The farmer of the old school had very little sentiment, and he regarded the urchins whom he hired for sums that began as low as 6d. a week just as if they were part of the machinery that was to bring him in his income. It is this hard training that is absent in the experimental and school farms which have been attempted in various counties. There is nothing like feeling that bread and butter depend on the result to make either men or boys do their farm work with all their might. The fault of the teaching so far has been that it was too theoretical, and it would be well to scan the new arrangements with a view to ascertain how far this weakness has been remedied. The Memorandum, like most of the documents originating from official sources, is worded so that it is not easy to get at the heart of it in a moment. Some definite proposals, however, are made.

It is proposed to constitute a Rural Educational Conference for the purpose of obtaining periodical exchange of views between representative agriculturists and the two Departments. But what is a representative agriculturist? If the phrase only means a good farmer, there is nothing so certain as the fact that some of the very best farmers in the world are utterly unable to formulate any views on education. They have not sufficient education or detachment of mind to do so. Put them on the fields and both their brains and their hands appear to work as if by instinct; but the how, and the why, and the therefore they could not explain, so that merely to set a skilful farmer to meet a theoretical educationist is not the means of securing the best agricultural education.

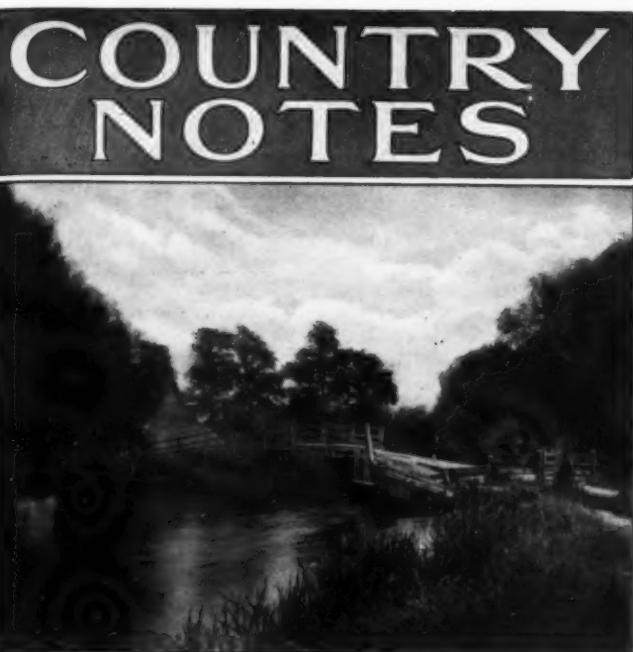
The constitution of the Conference is to be rather curious. It will consist of members nominated by the County Council Association, the Agricultural Education Association, the Royal Agricultural Association of England and other leading agricultural associations, together with six additional members to be nominated by the Presidents of the two Boards. It looks a good arrangement; but yet it is conceivable that, in spite of all this machinery, the education of the children as practical tillers of the soil may not advance as satisfactorily as we could wish. Then as to the distribution of grants. The Board of Agriculture will distribute all grants in respect to agricultural education in the case of institutions giving advanced instruction in agriculture. The grants will be distributed by the Board of Education as regards other forms of agricultural education. We suppose that this means that the Board of Education will distribute grants for agricultural education in ordinary public schools. The institutions of which the Board of Agriculture will take official care are of two kinds. First, those whose predominant purpose of work is to provide a comprehensive course of agricultural education of an advanced nature. The idea seems to be that the students at these places should, by the age of seventeen, have acquired a sound general education, and that they should go on to the agricultural college or institution and specialise there. The second definition comprises institutions devoted to a special section of agricultural education, such as forestry, dairying, or cider-making. It would be the work of the Board of Agriculture to encourage these two sets of institutions. The Board of Education will have relations in the main with the county and local authorities which are supplying the local system of public instruction, including agriculture. The inspectors will be instructed to draw attention to the various types and grades of work these localities require, particularly in regard to the need for a largely increased provision of farm schools. The Board of Education will also keep an eye on the provision and proper maintenance of farms and experimental stations in connection with farm-schools and similar places of agricultural instruction.

On the whole it is the best scheme that has yet been brought forward, but its success will depend entirely upon the manner in which mere theory is eliminated from the work. It is a common jest among those engaged in agriculture that the farms worked in connection with colleges and schools are always losing concerns, and the reply of their apologist hitherto has been that the business of such places is not to make money, but to experiment and demonstrate the best systems of agriculture. In the case of children who will have ultimately to earn their bread from the land we believe that excuses of this kind will prove mischievous in the extreme. Avoidance of wastefulness in production, economical use of all materials, ability to make the best even of very bad conditions; these are the qualities of mind that make for success in farming. In regard to them mere knowledge is a subsidiary matter altogether. A boy may have amassed all the wisdom of the school, have listened to the best lectures and read up the best handbooks, and yet prove, as he very often does, a failure when it comes to the practical working of a farm. Among his multifarious accomplishments he has not learnt, in the words of the homely adage, to cut his coat according to his cloth. On every farm where pupils are taught a most rigorous system of book-keeping ought to be enforced. No doubt there will be losses, and we do not see that the principals of the scholastic institutions ought not in some cases to encounter a loss, but it should be one prepared for beforehand, and explicable on simple and straightforward grounds.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of H.R.H. the Princess Royal, with her two daughters, Their Highnesses the Princesses Alexandra and Maud. Her Royal Highness's marriage to the Duke of Fife was celebrated in 1889.

"* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



APART from all the controversies going on about the Budget and the House of Lords, increment and income, roads and licences, there is a very important question for country people. It is—Which is the most suitable period of the year to hold an election? To find an answer we must begin by eliminating certain seasons. The inconvenience of having to speak or attend meetings at the time of sowing is too evident to require emphasising. A spring election is an unmitigated nuisance to people of all parties. So is an election during the hay or corn harvest. It is more so in our time than in the past, because Conservatives and Liberals alike are living under democratic institutions, and it is necessary for them to enlist the services of their men. A clever labourer who understands politics is a very effective political propagandist, because he knows how to speak to his fellow-workers in their own language. At the same time, some of these politicians are extremely useful on the land, and it is most inconvenient to have them taken away at a time when their services are most in need. Probably the dead time of the year—that is to say, from the end of November to about the second or third week in January—is that in which an election could be conducted with a minimum of disturbance. The days are short, there is not too much work for the men, and it is a time when hunting and shooting naturally attract many people to the country.

The result of an attempt to work an English farm by Danish methods will be awaited with a very great deal of interest. This experiment is being carried out in Sussex by Mr. Arne von Mehren, who has taken on a twenty-one years' lease a farm of 650 acres about seven miles from Horsham. Mr. von Mehren has the reputation of being a first-rate man of business and organiser, so that it is possible that he might make a success of the farm without any particular Danish theories. There are exceptional Englishmen who can take up almost any piece of land and make an income out of it. The points of interest in this case are those which will show a difference in practice between Danish and English farming. One thinks naturally of butter, but Mr. von Mehren will not be long in England without finding out that in this country it is more profitable to produce milk than butter. He is said to intend to have more arable and less pasture land on his holding, growing lucerne for the purpose of feeding, and this is a lesson that many English farmers might learn, though some of them understand it perfectly well already. It will be a long time, however, before any judgment can be formed on the results. The farm was out of condition when the enterprising Dane became its tenant, and there is no royal road to success in agriculture. Under any system conceivable a considerable number of years must elapse before any noteworthy results are obtained. Tillage, to be profitable in the end, always requires at the beginning a very considerable outlay both of money and labour.

Few interested in gardening have not been tempted at times to use bad language owing to the ambiguity with which words represent colours, and annoyance has been greatest with those who delight in forming the garden hues into studied harmonies. This difficulty has been thoroughly appreciated by the Royal Horticultural Society, and in order to get over it they

have made a plan for describing a colour so exactly that the terms will be distinctively and definitely intelligible in New York, Paris, Berlin and Quebec, as well as in London. What they have done is to procure a good colour chart, one containing 360 colours between white and black, with the name of each in English, French, German, Spanish and Italian, together with four shades of each of the 360 colours, so that anyone wishing to describe to a friend in Calcutta the exact colour and shade of a flower, or a silk, or a painting, need only refer to the colour chart number, as thus: Apricot, page 53, shade 3; rosy pink, page 118, shade 4; and so on. The device appears to be altogether excellent, and ought to be of great service to others as well as to gardeners. The society, by purchasing a large number, are able to supply these charts at a very reasonable price to their Fellows and others.

Scottish bee-keepers assert that they have to go back as far as the year 1888 to find a season which has been even approximately as bad as the present. Even then, though it was colder throughout even than the summer immediately past, there was not the complete failure which is the melancholy result of the bees' efforts this year. Scotland, unlike England, had a very dry June and July, in which the clover, the main source of honey at that date, did not bloom at all liberally. Later, the bloom of the limes was insufficient, and there was little nectar in the flowers. In Scotland, as in England, there was a fortnight of beautiful weather in August, but it passed all too quickly. The result is that the yield of honey has been virtually nil, and that far from a profit accruing to the stock owner the accounts will have to show a loss, for it is estimated that on a hundred hives there will be a necessary outlay of something between £20 and £30 on feed for the bees through the winter, their own efforts to collect a sufficient store having proved so inadequate.

AUTUMN.

Begin ye winds harmonious, begin
Your autumn song,
With prelude long;
The oboe, and the flute
Blow not, let all loud instruments be mute,
And Vesper only touch her violin,
Upon the sobbing string
With velvet finger lingering.
Then let your flutes breathe low,
In gradual slow
Sweet symphony, touched singly one by one;
Nor yet all music done,
Your deep-mouthed many-voiced organ blow.
Let no sweet stop be mute
Of loud, or soft, or sharp,
Of dulcimer, and lute,
Of psaltery, and harp—
In volume ever grow.
And as October comes,
Roll all your deafening drums,
Your violent cymbals clash; then cease and be
That first slow, dulcet, dying melody.

R. G. T. COVENTRY.

At this season, when the orchard is being rifled of its products, it is important to consider how fruit may best be preserved for winter use. There are several ways of doing this. It may be made into some kind of jam or jelly for which there is a continual demand during the months when fresh fruit is not available. Dry or evaporated fruits are far more used for food to-day than formerly, and tinned fruits are also in demand. But perhaps the best method of preserving fruit fresh for winter use is by bottling, a means which the French have adopted with considerable success. Bottling is the easiest and most convenient method of preserving fruit. In the English farmhouse it is most commonly applied to plums. Of late years there has been a tendency to simplify the method of preserving. Formerly preserves according to the older recipes were more like sweetmeats than fruit, so liberal was the amount of sugar employed. To-day the best are kept simply by means of hot water. Plums that have been simply and adequately treated can be cooked at Christmas, and the most fastidious taste will be unable to discover any difference between them and those which were cooked straight off the tree in September.

Mr. Henniker Heaton, the indefatigable advocate of Post Office Reform, has been putting forth a suggestion which deserves to be carefully considered. It is that we should have an Imperial Postmaster-General. In justification he points out the many curious anomalies that exist in the rates of postage to-day. For example, it costs just now twopence halfpenny to send a letter direct to Italy; but the frugal-minded correspondent who did not mind loss of time might send it to New Zealand for a penny, and then, since New Zealand has a Universal Penny Post, have it re-directed to Italy, thus getting through at a saving of a halfpenny. Australia can send

newspapers to England at a cost of a penny per lb., but if an Englishman wants to send one of his home papers to the Commonwealth he has to pay fourpence per lb. Obviously, the reverse of this ought to be the case. Real patriotism will always make an effort for the dissemination of home publications among the Dependencies—it is one of the most effectual means for cementing the bonds of Empire. Some very curious discrepancies exist also in regard to telegraph rates. Many telegrams to India pass through Germany, where the charge is only a halfpenny a word, while our Indian telegrams are charged three halfpence a word. Thus it would be cheaper to send our telegrams to Germany and have them transmitted thence to India. Mr. Henniker Heaton's idea seems to be that he would have an official appointed jointly by ourselves and the Colonies, whose duty would be to get rid of these anomalies and look at the Post Office system not with the narrow view of one country alone, but with due regard to all the Imperial interests involved.

Dr. Yeatman-Biggs, the Bishop of Worcester, during the course of his triennial visitation of the diocese, has been making some very sensible remarks about Temperance Reform. He is not at all favourable to heroic measures, and evidently does not believe that England can be made sober by Act of Parliament. His suggestion points rather to an improvement in the public-houses, an improvement such as has already been effected to a considerable degree in the Trust houses. What we want is to give the citizen, and the publican as well, as much freedom as possible. Attempts to dictate what people shall eat or drink have always ended in disaster. On the other hand, the man who makes himself a nuisance by over-indulgence has committed an offence which deserves drastic punishment, and the man who sold him the stuff and thus encouraged him ought to be equally open to prosecution. Dr. Biggs is of opinion that a vast number of the Trade are entirely of this way of thinking. * Indeed, some, of their own volition, have during the last few years established tea-rooms adjacent to their public bars, and find that the convenience is very much appreciated by the public, while at the same time they have made the pleasant discovery that there is more profit in the sale of cups of tea than in that of glasses of ale. This is an encouraging sign that the way to reach temperance is by the path of steady and gradual reform, and not by any wholesale legislation for which public opinion is not ripe.

A correspondent sends us a story, which may prove of practical value to anglers in this country, of a friend who was fishing with a companion in the Thuringian forest. They angled in the approved fashion, floating a dry fly over the still reaches and letting a wet one drift in the faster runs, and caught a few trout. One day they met a man who fished professionally to supply the hotels. He carried what was rather a pole than a rod, had gut that would have held a salmon, and flies that looked like a cross between a bumble-bee and a "woolly bear" caterpillar. Then they asked to see his catch, and found that he had more trout, and bigger, than they two between them. After that they stalked him to watch his methods. The methods were simple. He threw his big fly into the rough, foaming water, where British experience would not lead an angler to expect to find a trout lying. Apparently the fish lay behind stones in these rough places, and would come out a few inches to take the big hairy fly, though they would pay no attention to a little one similarly offered them. It was the big fish that the German hooked in this way, and, once hooked, there was no more science, for the fisherman simply hauled them out with his strong tackle. Yet there must have been some science in his way of showing those fish the fly, for when the Englishmen tried the same plan, although they caught a few, they could not catch as many as the native.

From time to time we receive notices of the catching, unaware and quite without intention, by an angler casting his fly, of birds of the fly-catching habit, such as swallows, swifts and martins. They are really too frequent to be worthy of record, and even the occasional unfortunate chaffinch, which has been taken in this way when fly-hawking, as he often does, over a stream, is hardly to be given the dignity of a note; but the circumstance of catching a sparrow-hawk, which happened to an angler lately near Moffat, is so uncommon and unlikely that we think it must be a unique occurrence. The fisherman was using a Stewart worm tackle, and the bird swooped down on it as it went out into the water, was hooked, darted into a bush, and after a few struggles was captured and, we presume, mercifully killed.

The eighteenth Highland Mod was opened in Stirling last week by Lady Tullibardine before a large and fashionable gathering of prominent people in the Highlands. More particularly it was the Arts and Industries Section to which Lady Tullibardine's opening speech referred. It is only the second year of the institution of this exhibition of the home industries, as they may be called, of the Highlands in connection with the Mod, but it is almost certain to grow in increasing importance and in

the number and quality of the tweeds, plaids and so forth wrought in many a Highland glen. The best point and the most favourable for these industries which Lady Tullibardine made in her speech was a statement that during the current year there had been a strong movement towards co-operation among all the societies having the same common interest, and that the effect would be to put the work into a good market and establish the industry on a proper commercial basis. This hitherto has been lacking.

Much English sympathy has been felt and expressed with the victims of the flying machine accident in France. That country has shown itself as enterprising and intelligent in developing the idea of aviation as it was in evolving the motor-car, and the great calamity which occurred near Moulins is discouraging to those who have been the pioneers of the new art. The only consolation is that science has its martyrs as well as religion. The two gallant officers and the two non-commissioned officers who lost their lives have been, not unsuitably, likened to soldiers who stake their all in battle. Those who pursue aviation in its initial stages are well aware that they take their lives in their hands; but on their gallantry are built the courage and enterprise which will enable us, as it is hoped, in the future to construct flying-machines in which the navigation of the air may be conducted with little more danger than is attendant upon travelling by railway or steamer. A few weeks ago we were inclined to congratulate aviators upon the small number of victims that had been claimed, but since then these have greatly increased in number.

THE BROKEN GATE.

I know a little broken gate
Beneath the apple boughs and pines,
The seasons lend it coloured state,
And round its hinge the ivy twines—
The ivy and the bloomless rose,
And autumn berries flaming red;
The pine its gracious scent bestows,
The apple boughs their treasure shed.

It opens on an orchard hung
With heavy-laden boughs that spill
Their brown and yellow fruit among
The withered stems of daffodil.
The river from its shallows freed
Here falls upon a stirless peace,
The tides of time suspended lead
The tired spirit to release.

A little land of mellowed ease
I find beyond my broken gate,
I hear amid the laden trees
A magic song, and there elate
I pass along from sound and sight
Of men who fret the world away,—
I gather rich and rare delight
Where every day is holy day.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

Commander Peary is not retaining that hold of public opinion which he was in the way of winning when it was announced that he had discovered the North Pole. An unpleasant impression was created by his own account of the way in which he dismissed Captain Bartlett, the resolute, unwearied navigator, to whom the success of the expedition was undoubtedly due. When the greatest hardships of the expedition had been overcome, Commander Peary dismissed his friend and companion on the ground that he had reserved for himself alone the honour and glory of being the first to get to the Pole. A greater man would have invited all who belonged to the expedition to take part in this crowning glory, and by doing so would have enhanced it. Then, again, there is something extremely paltry in the manner in which he refused to allow Dr. Cook's baggage to be brought back in the *Roo-evelt*. It could not have made the slightest imaginable difference to the cargo.

Scientific students are puzzled to find an explanation for the magnetic storm which occurred last Saturday; but, unfortunately, whatever doubt may exist as to the cause of the phenomenon there is none about the effects produced. They seem to have extended over a very large area of the world's surface, the British Isles, the Continent of Europe and the United States of America being all affected. The same thing happened in each case. A few minutes after noon telegraph clerks found that their instruments had ceased to work, and the stoppage lasted for a considerable period. In Newcastle there was a delay of three and a-half hours; in Norwich, three hours; in Yarmouth, three hours; on the Scotch wires, two to three hours; and at Dublin, two hours. A similar storm occurred six years ago, but its intensity was not so great as was that of Saturday.

THE CLAIMS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

AT the Royal Photographic Society's annual exhibition, now open in Regent Street, there are, as usual, two chief divisions of the work shown—the pictorial section and the scientific and technical section; and one can imagine that many visitors who may have drifted into the New Gallery from casual curiosity rather than from any deep interest in the progress of photography will ask themselves why these sections should be thus sharply differentiated. What is "pictorial" photography, and why is a photograph of a swan in the West Room of the exhibition classed as pictorial while another, and equally unexceptionable, photograph of a swan is hung in the Balcony and classed as scientific or technical? The answer, put in its crudest form, is this: The pictorial photographs claim to be "art," while the scientific and technical ones do not make that claim. This tacit assertion is so well understood in the small circle which calls itself "the photographic world" that there is a danger of its significance being overlooked by those whose business it is to review these annual exhibitions.

There still exist many hundreds of thousands of people who have never heard this claim made with regard to any photograph,

either as an error of the managing committee's judgment or as some hair-splitting in definitions of which he is ignorant.

Nevertheless, in his tour round the walls of the Pictorial Room, our imaginary critic cannot fail to notice many a work to which he would apply the adjective beautiful; and if this beauty is not the result of art, of what is it the result? Does it only represent the product of a wonderful invention skilfully applied? Even granting that this is an adequate explanation, must we not also concede that the individual who wielded the invention had also, of necessity, to exercise his taste in the choice of a subject or the choice of a view-point which caused the subject to fall in a well-balanced and, in some instances, even a decorative arrangement on his plate? May there not be a sort of art solely in selection?—for if there is no such art, why are not all the pictures equally excellent? Take Mr. Alexander Keighley's "The Hillside Harvest," or Mr. Mortimer's "Landscape in Holland"—both photographs in which there is no perceptible sign of any influence unphotographic; why is it that every tourist in Italy who "snaps" an ox-cart does not produce as captivating a print as Mr. Keighley's and every



J. H. Gear.

BURGTOR, ROTHENBURG.

From the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition.

Copyright.

and who would be dubious about admitting it even did they know of its existence. Entering this particular exhibition, for example, they could not help being impressed, even at a first glance, by the refinement of the West Room's hanging and decoration; and, examining the pictures more closely, they could not but be delighted with a large proportion of them; but that these pictures are more seriously "art" than, say, the pretty full-page supplements given away with our more frivolous weeklies, they would never admit. They are photographs—therefore they cannot be art in the sense that a painting is art; this is, roughly, the argument adduced by the average cultured outsider. For landscape photographs, and perhaps for portraits, he may allow that there has to be a separate section, and he may consider the name "Pictorial" appropriate enough; it distinguishes their aim sufficiently from that of, for instance, the photographs of "The Comet Morehouse, taken with a 28in. Reflector," or the micro-photographs of "The Eggs of Parasite of Crane." But that one photograph of a bird should be considered art while another of the same bird should not be art, he will look upon

wanderer along a Dutch high road obtain as felicitous a print as Mr. Mortimer's? Asking himself such questions as these, our critic, unless he be hopelessly biased, will begin to see that the doctrine of the camera as a mere machine requires modification. It is a machine, but its productions are not necessarily machine-made, any more than—if a rather wild comparison may be permitted—a descriptive article tapped out on a Remington is machine-made.

Those who, like the present writer, have been in the habit of frequenting photographic exhibitions for a considerable number of years have been forced to admit that photography may be ("may be," not "is") art, precisely because of the inevitable realisation of this simple truth—so admirably demonstrated at the exhibition now being considered—that the individuality behind the camera appears in that camera's results. If, for instance, the photographs of Mr. A. and Mr. B. are in any wise worthy to appear in the Royal Photographic Society's Pictorial Room, then there is rarely a chance of mistaking a photograph by Mr. A. for a photograph by Mr. B.—and this,

be it remembered, quite without any intervention of hand work on either's part. The difference is obvious not only in the choice of subject: in the fact that Mr. A. has a turn for snow scenes, and Mr. B. makes a speciality of, perhaps, genre subjects. If Mr. A. and Mr. B. were induced to photograph exactly the same scene—I might even say the same scene from the same point of view—the one result would be recognisable as the work of Mr. A. and the other as the work of Mr. B. It is curious, but true; personality does, somehow, creep in, even in the most mechanical photography; and this element of personality, developed along certain lines, is the element which hints at the evidence of that subtle control known as art.

Of course, even if we are persuaded to go the length of agreeing that photography—some photography—may be art, there is still the question of whether it is art of any serious weight. It is young as yet, too young to be judged with any finality. But this, at least, can be asserted: the characteristics of its technique and the comparative ease with which that technique

is mastered are evoking self-expression from some dozens or hundreds of amateurs who, but for photography, would have remained inarticulate. For one reason or another they could never have learned to draw, paint, model, compose or write; this new instrument, the camera, has been placed in their hands and has given them the chance to express ideas which otherwise would have remained unexpressed. To the world this may be a matter of indifference, but to the individual concerned it may be a matter of the highest import. What he has to say through his camera and printing paper is very likely not going to enrich our civilisation; but it will enrich the sayer. It will open his eyes to the beauty of Nature, to the properties of sun and shade, of colour and atmosphere, and to an appreciation of the master-pieces of older arts. So even if our camera-user leaves the critic cold, he himself has grown and profited by his entry into the field of self-expression.

For these several reasons—and for others which there is here no space to discuss—I venture to lay emphasis on the



J. M. Knapp.

THE PILLARS OF ST. MARK.

From the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition.

Copyright.



P. Bale Rider.

SUMMER.

From the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition.

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importance of the Royal Photographic Society's exhibition, and the simultaneous exhibition at the Photographic Salon now open in Pall Mall East. This novel art may mean much; it certainly does mean much to those who are practising it. At present they are groping along various paths, some of them of doubtful wisdom. There is a tendency to imitate the mannerisms of the older arts. One hears visitors to the exhibition saying that this or that photograph is like an etching or like a wash-drawing; and though such remarks indicate more often an ignorance of etching and wash-drawing than an ignorance of photography, they are natural enough and pardonable. Photography is something genuinely new; it has no point of contact whatever with any previous pictorial art. All previous pictorial arts contain an overwhelming ingredient of handicraft; the hand had to be trained

first and foremost. In photography the amount of manual skill required is negligible; nine-tenths of the problem is brain work. Photography is, so to speak, a mental art, like writing. Penmanship has nothing to do with style; so the pouring out of developing solutions has nothing to do with photographic art. If the author's penmanship is illegible his work is unreadable, and, in an extreme case, might, for this reason alone, never see the light; and, if the pouring on of the photographer's developer is utterly wrongly done, his photograph will, of course, be bad, as a photograph. But these speculations do not affect the central idea of the entirely mental quality of the respective arts. In both, hand work is not the determining factor. Clearly the parallel will not hold good very far; but if it succeeds in arousing any appreciation of the merits of

the mechanicalness of photography, it will have served its purpose. For the simple circumstance that the camera is a machine, is a merit, not a fault. Just because it is a machine it introduces a new facet into art's many sides; the very peculiarity for which it is scorned is its most valuable feature. The elimination of hand-training means that the brain has all the more scope, and the man whose fingers are all thumbs is at last able to say anything he has got to say in pictures.

To many the trend of the above argument may seem grotesque, but an inspection of the pictures at this exhibition must show that the grotesqueness has a valid excuse. As it happens, photographers are here seen actually trying their best to introduce the handicraft element into their art; and the astonishing thing about these hybrid experiments is that they are so rarely comparable in beauty with the results of photographs free from hand work. There are several pictures at the Royal Photographic Society's exhibition on which the hand work is manifest—and I venture to say that the most amateurish sketch club in the kingdom would scorn to publish such efforts; they are commonplace and ugly; they are not only too sentimental, but positively too incorrect in their drawing to suit the cheapest Christmas card; and they were hung, one suspects, not for their artistic merit, but because, *qua* photographs, they would strike the public as something which photography had never done before.

That is to say, their interest is wholly technical; they are specimens, not pictures. But all round the walls there are photographs the makers of which have shown a proper respect for their medium and grasped at once its enormous possibilities and its perfectly clear limitations; photographs which, technically, make no pretence to be anything but what they are: photographs in which the camera has done the drawing and its user the thinking; and

from these it would be easy to pick out a really large percentage of things, fine both in meaning and intention, and meticulously straightforward in execution. I may mention Mr. C. Wille's "The White Cottage," the glow of the sunshine on which could not have been rendered more warmly and truly by any species of "faking"; "Helen," a platinotype print by Mr. H. W. Minns—and platinotypes are scarcely ever evidences of other than honest workmanship—and "Homeward at Evening," by Mr. T. B. Blow—little more than a snap-shot, yet how vivid and full of grip! In practice the attempt to contrive a cross between photography and drawing almost invariably carries its own condemnation; and one might lay it down as an axiom that the less photographic a photograph is, the worse is its art. I would wish to invite the visitor to the exhibition to test this statement. He will, I hope, find it less rash than it sounds. And if, consenting to it, he comes to the conclusion that one or two of the exhibits in

the Technical Section ought to be in the Pictorial, and *vice versa*, it will not be surprising. Indeed, it would be unfair to close without begging every visitor to note with particular care the wonderful beast and bird pictures in the Balcony; not a few of them, in addition to being miracles of patience, show very marked feeling for composition.

WARD MUIR.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

AUTUMN WORK.

NO sooner is harvest finished than the farmer has to start immediately preparing much of his land for the next year's crops. This season, in consequence of the long spell of wet weather, most agriculturists are three weeks behindhand with ploughing and cultivating. Wheat is the principal cereal sown in the autumn. It is the general custom to

dress the land intended for wheat with farmyard manure, the hauling of which, in consequence of the sodden state of the soil, will be harder work for the horses than usual, and by the time all the wheat land is ploughed, "dressed up" and sown, farmers will be obliged to turn their attention to lifting and storing the mangold crop. Where winter oats, rye or winter tares are sown, it is important that they should be in the ground as early in the autumn as possible, and on heavy soils land must be prepared now for winter beans. On well-managed holdings this is the time when much of the stubble-land is broken up and weeds destroyed; but this year, using the plough for this purpose will be too lengthy a process. Such implements as those known as cultivators, scrollers, or grubbers may be employed instead, as they stir up the land for a considerable depth, move all the top soil and uproot many weeds. The sickle-tined cultivator which is rigid or nearly so is the most suitable for moving "whole" ground. One of the latest makes known as "Martin's." On light soils the spring-tined varieties, such as those manufactured by Nicholson or Massey-Harris, will break up unploughed land, or on stiffer or hard soils which have

been moved by a rigid cultivator a spring-tined variety, which is fitted with more tines, can follow to advantage. In a late season like the present farmers would be wise to call in the aid of the steam cultivator, which can be hired at a reasonable rate, and will, if engaged to cross and recross the stubbles, do as much as twenty acres a day, and can be regulated to stir the soil to whatever depth is required. Where the corn stubbles contain only small patches of twitch, the most tiresome of all weeds, it is most economical in the long run to fork this grass up by hand, as it can then be carted off the field or burnt on the land.

W.

BUYING A CIDER-BARREL.

It is admitted on all sides that the consumption of cider is vastly increasing now that more attention is being devoted to its making so as to render it clear and wholesome. There is also a growing practice among many non-cider-makers purchasing the juice as it flows from the press and barrelling it themselves. Undoubtedly, this practice has much to commend it, as the cider is not banged about and it needs very little manipulation beyond being placed direct into the cask; but on this cask much depends. The making of the cider can well be left to the farmer, and he will also supply the cask, but



T. Arnold Bennett.

A SUNLIT COURT.

From the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition.

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not for it to lie in someone else's cellar for a year or two and often become spoiled. Therefore, a few words on the matter of casks may not be out of place. Firstly, it is well to remember that new casks are practically unknown in the cider trade; it is mostly second-hand casks that are used, and hence comes the expression, "fresh emptied." Many's the man that has been done down with these. Now a judge of cider will invariably knock a cider with spirituous flavour, but if that same judge's cellar be examined well, there will be a gooly portion of his cider found with it by reason of his casks "qualifying," that is, cider is put in to grog them effectually until all flavours are absorbed; then he has an absolutely clean, neutral cask fit to contain show cider. In buying brandy hogsheads it is seldom indeed that a wrong one is now obtained. In the days when grogging was allowed the water sometimes tainted the cask. Now the only danger is from an old taste—that is, the brandy has been bonded so long that the cask has become partially decayed; an old woody taste is the result. Gin barrels seldom come on the market, or those that have held whisky; in fact, the whisky men buy up nearly all the sherry butts to mature their spirit in. Rum puncheons, however, can be readily obtained, and good cider from them is indeed good. But they are very apt to generate an "oily or foetid smell," which is as rank as a polecat's, yet apart from this the cider

is of the finest. Best cider-makers, however, will not run the risk, so these puncheons go to hold the farm labourers' allowances. There is the wine pipe, however, which is the bedrock of the cider-makers' storage. Now if these pipes are not sold to hold linseed or other oil, they are available for the cider-maker. But the greatest care must be taken. They may have been lying empty three or four years; then, when they are in request, they are firstly tightened up, then brightened. It is well, therefore, to look at the hoops to see whether they have been tightened or rust marks or bruises are on the hoops. If the exterior of the cask is damp it has been plumbed or tightened with water. By drawing the corks and blowing in the aroma will be detected, unless a gallon or two of residues from a true fresh emptied has been poured in and rinsed round, and then utilised for others. It is best to purchase fine old pipes and specially avoid those in which Tarragona or inferior wines have been kept. Very often salicylic acid has been used to preserve these, and the cider will extract it from the wood directly. Claret casks are very apt to start an acetic fermentation in the cider. Do not purchase an old cask because it is cheap, for steaming will not always remove taints. Beer-barrels, when used for cider, often give rise to a mouldy or foamy taste. So it will be seen how essential it is to get a clean, sweet cask.

ELDRED WALKER.

THE DOCTOR IN THE SCHOOL.

THE letters we recently published on the subject of the medical inspection of children in public elementary schools touched the fringe of an important question, about which there appears to be a good deal of apprehension. Stripped of all argumentative trimmings, the position is quite simple. Prior to 1906, the State contented itself with providing educational facilities and requiring that every child should attend school, and all matters of feeding and medical treatment were left either to charitable effort or to those responsible for administering the Poor Law; but in that year a measure became law which, while almost entirely optional in its character, enables a local education authority to take such steps as they think fit for the provision of meals for children in attendance at any public elementary school in their area. The idea was that the authority should associate with some voluntary agency which would undertake to provide food for hungry and destitute children, and should aid them by furnishing such land, buildings, furniture and apparatus and such offices and servants as might be necessary for the organisation, preparation and service of the meals. Still, there was and is no compulsion, and the Act specially provides that no teacher shall be required as a condition of his or her engagement or service to take any part in connection with the provision of meals. It should be noted, too, that only children in actual attendance at school can be fed; meals cannot be served during holidays, or to children who for one reason or another are not attending school. Further, the authority may not incur any expense in respect of the purchase of food to be supplied at such meals, unless they have passed a resolution affirming that some of the children attending an elementary school are unable, by reason of lack of food, to take full advantage of the education provided for them, and that private funds are unavailable or insufficient in amount to defray the cost of food, and have also obtained the sanction of the Board of Education to their spending, out of the rates, such a sum as will purchase the necessary food. In no one year must the amount so expended exceed in amount the produce of a halfpenny rate. The Act also contains provisions enabling the cost of meals to be recovered from parents, but, in practice, this power is ineffective. It may be noted also that the managers and teachers of schools have, quite apart from the Act, power to invoke the assistance of the Poor Law in aid of destitute under-fed children, but this hardly comes within the scope of this article.

The position with regard to the medical inspection and treatment of school children is somewhat similar, with this broad distinction—it is compulsory upon the local education authority to exercise such powers as have been conferred upon them. By virtue of Section 13 of the Education (Administrative Provisions) Act, 1907, it is the duty of every local education authority to provide for the medical inspection of children immediately before, or at the time of, or as soon as possible after, their admission to a public elementary school, and on such other occasions as the Board of Education may direct. That duty may be enforced by legal proceedings if necessary. There is also a power conferred to make such arrangements as may be sanctioned by the Board of Education for attending to the health and physical condition of the children educated in public elementary schools. There is, however, no corresponding obligation upon a parent to allow his child to be medically examined. Some doubt has been expressed on this point, but we have reason to believe that some time ago the Law Officers of the Crown advised the Board of Education that the obligation placed upon the education authority to provide for inspection does not of itself compel a parent to submit his child to inspection. In practice this matter has not proved of any great importance,

for in only a very few cases has any objection been raised by the parent, and then generally in consequence of a misunderstanding which has been easily removed. In the vast majority of cases the parents have either expressed no feeling on the matter, or have welcomed the opportunity of having the children seen by a properly qualified medical man. The duty laid upon the authority stops at inspection, and there is no direct compulsion on anyone to see that the treatment found desirable or necessary on inspection is carried out. One of our correspondents drew attention to what he deemed a hardship, that a poor widow had to provide her child with spectacles at a cost small in actual amount but prohibitive to her. Happily, the child obtained the glasses by private charity; but nothing could have been done to the mother if she had failed to enlist the sympathy of a wealthier neighbour. The only provision in the existing law that provides for punishment for neglect of a child's health is a section of the Children's Act, 1908, under which a parent, or other person liable to maintain a child, is deemed to have neglected the child in a manner likely to cause injury to health, if he fails to provide medical aid for the child, and if, being unable otherwise to provide such aid, he fails to take steps to procure the same to be provided under the Acts relating to the relief of the poor. If the mother could not afford to buy the glasses, she could have applied to the relieving officer or the guardians, and there her legal responsibility ended.

The result of the medical examination has been an enormous number of recommendations by the medical officers concerning the children examined; for example, in London some 30,000 recommendations were made, in Surrey 2,000, and so in proportion in other centres, and the medical profession are now protesting against the burden of carrying out these recommendations being put upon the hospitals and dispensaries in cases in which the parents are unable to pay for the treatment. The problem is a serious one. It looks as if we are trending towards the provision of medical treatment by the State or municipality, and the subject will require careful consideration by the taxpayer and ratepayer. The time to consider the question is when the proposal is made to cast this great duty on the State, and not when the bill for the expenses comes in for payment.

It will be seen that the local authority already have power to make such arrangements as may be sanctioned by the Board of Education for attending to the health and physical condition of the children educated in public elementary schools. Whether when the Education Act, 1907, was passed Parliament appreciated the enormous importance of this provision is very doubtful, and serious questions arise as to the meaning of the term "arrangements." Does the Act confer power upon the local authority, with the sanction of the Board of Education, to provide medicine, spectacles, false teeth and other medical comforts? It is obvious that, if the local authorities undertake such a duty, the expense will be very great—probably £2,000,000 or £3,000,000 per annum.

The object of the writer of this article is not to advocate any particular policy. It may or may not be desirable to medically examine and medically treat the children attending the elementary schools; but it is of the utmost importance that some well-defined principle should be agreed upon and that what is done should be done with the full knowledge and consent of the public. It is not well that a revolution of this character should be quietly introduced by a public department acting under the authority of a nebulous clause in an Act of Parliament which does not seem to have received the attention which its importance demanded.

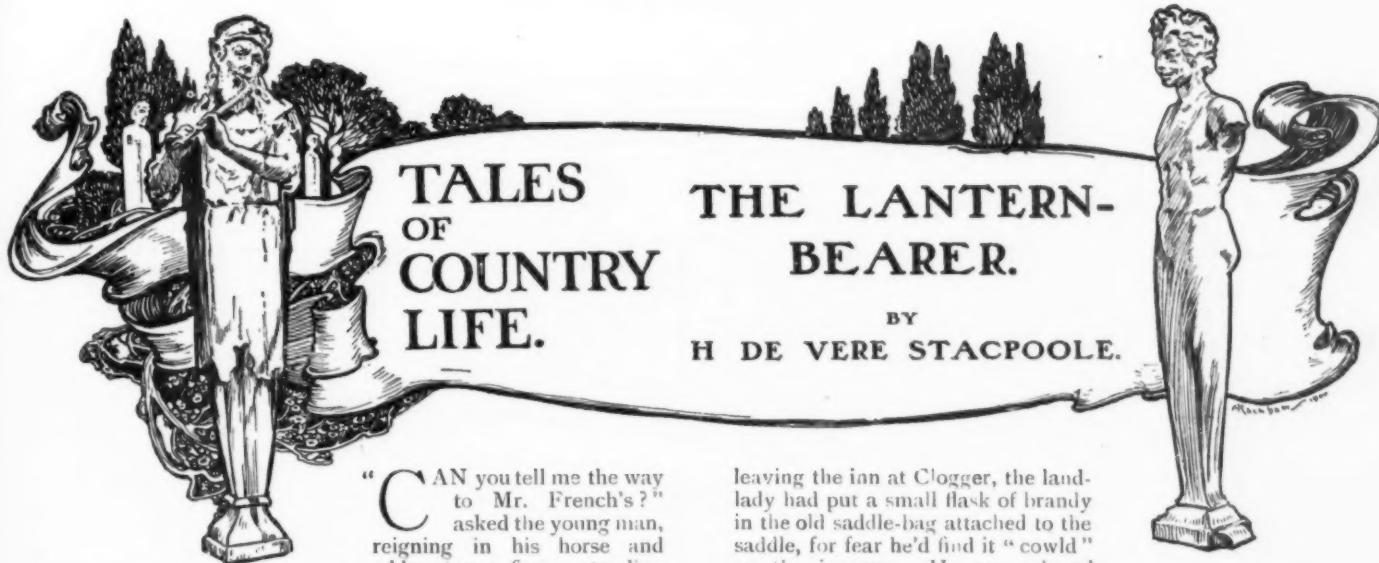
[Oct. 2nd, 1909.]



W. G. Meredith,

A GERMAN FARMSTEAD.

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THE LANTERN-BEARER.

BY
H DE VERE STACPOOLE.

"CAN you tell me the way to Mr. French's?" asked the young man, reigning in his horse and addressing a figure standing

at the door of a hovel; the figure of an old woman made witch-like by the twilight that filled the road and the flicker of the turf fire that shone around her from the interior of the tenement.

"Can I tell you the way to Mr. French's?" replied the old dame. "Yes, sorr, I can tell you the way aisier than you can find it, for it's a bad black baste of a road, and it's into a bog maybe your horse will be if he sets foot off it. You goes straight before you till you comes to the cross-roads a mile beyant, then you turns to your right and follies the road to Kilbegg; four mile or, maybe, five from Kilbegg you'll come to a big pair of gates wid lions leppin' on them. That's Barrington Hall, Mr. French's place; and, sure, you're not the first that's axed me the way there this week, for he's got a power of company come for the Christmas."

"Thank you," replied Mr. Mahon, and rode on, taking the direction indicated and pressing his horse into a trot.

It was Christmas Eve, yet it might have been an October evening, so mild was it. In the gathering dusk the black, mournful country of Donegal lay before the traveller, the mist-wrack on the mountains and the dark bog-land stretching for miles on either side, desolate and voiceless save for the mournful cry of the plover.

Arthur Mahon was a Dublin solicitor, a good-looking and well-set-up young man of twenty-two or so, with a soul above his profession. The Mahons had once been great people here in Donegal, county folk in the good old days when a tenant was no enemy of a landlord, when a Parliament sat in Dublin and Sir Boyle Roche sat in Daly's Club House drinking his claret and concocting those speeches that have handed his name down to the posterity he despised. Kilgobbin Hall had been the seat of the Mahons in those days; it is now a ruin, run over by weeds, in ested with bats and lying five miles to the west of Barrington Hall, the house for which Arthur Mahon was making. Invited to spend Christmas with the Frenchs, he had arrived that afternoon at Clogger, only to find that the car for Kilbegg had left half-an-hour before and that the only means of reaching his destination that evening was by taking a horse. His luggage would be sent after him on the following day. He was hungry, he was tired, and the desolation around him, the bleakness of the hills and the menace of the black, treacherous bogs made the prospect of a bright fire and a warm welcome doubly attractive. A plump of rain that took him just before reaching the cross-roads indicated by his guide did not improve his temper, especially when he found that the cross-roads presented, instead of a guide-post, a conundrum to all unfortunate travellers seeking Kilbegg. Two roads went off to the right.

"Turn off to your right and follow the road to Kilbegg," was the truly Irish direction he had received. Irish, that is to say, considering the fact that there were two roads to choose from and no sign-post.

The young man laughed, then, taking a shilling from his pocket, he spun it in the air; if it came down heads he decided to take the most northern of the two roads, if the reverse the most eastern. It came down heads, and, putting the coin back in his pocket, he turned his horse and followed the direction of Fate.

Scarcely had he gone a mile than he recognised that Fate had played him false. The road lost its colour; what had been a dim white ribbon stretching before him had vanished, and in the twilight, which was now very deep, he could see no indication of a way. Suddenly his horse's fore leg sank deep into a bog patch, and, flinging himself from the saddle, he was just able to save the unfortunate animal by pulling upon the bridle.

Then on foot, with the reins over his arm, he cautiously made his way forward, trying the ground at each step. Before

leaving the inn at Clogger, the landlady had put a small flask of brandy in the old saddle-bag attached to the saddle, for fear he'd find it "cowld" on the journey. He remembered this now, and, opening the saddle-bag, took out the flask and tasted the contents. She had calld it brandy, but it was in reality potheen, a spirit clear as water and searching as flame.

It warmed him, and he wanted warmth, for, though the rain had ceased now, the night chill was coming on and the darkness was cold on the land like a black wet blanket.

Feeling his way, cautiously followed by the shivering horse, now almost trapped in a boghole, now feeling the ground hard and solid beneath his feet, he passed half-an-hour in this hopeless attempt to find a track that would show up to the sight and lead him somewhere.

At times he shouted on the chance of being heard by some peasant, but no answer came, except the wind, which had risen now and was blowing amidst the bent grass with a dry rustle like the rustling of sand blowing over sand.

He was standing holding the horse by the bridle and listening after one of these vain attempts to make himself heard, when suddenly in the eastern sky appeared a rift, and the last quarter of the moon cast a weak light over the land and showed up a hundred yards from where he stood a hovel half ruined, yet still retaining its roof.

It was a turf-cutter's cabin, it had not been lived in for a long time, but so tired and cold and miserable did he feel and so hopeless of striking any road in the dark, that a pigsty would have been welcome to him as a shelter from the wind that was now blowing over the mountains strong and chill from the sea.

There was some turf piled inside the cabin, the turf felt dry and almost warm to the touch, he made a couch of it as well as he could, and then, leaving the horse to its own devices, perfectly assured that the trembling and frightened beast would not stray far, he lay down, took another pull at the potheen flask, blessed the landlady for her prescience and composed himself to meditation.

He did not feel inclined for sleep, and he had plenty to think about in his own unfortunate position here, on Christmas Eve, lying in a ruined cabin within a few miles of good cheer and good fellowship, the wind whistling at the door and nothing to light the darkness but a stray moonbeam now and then as the moon now hid herself, and now peeped from behind the flying clouds. As he lay trying to comort himself with the thought that things might be worse, he heard outside in the night, at a distance, but momentarily drawing closer, the sound of a voice singing; a cracked, fleering voice that brought Mr. Mahon sitting up on the turf sods, the sweat upon his forehead, and then to the door, from which he peeped cautiously.

A glowworm spark was coming towards the cabin, it came unsteadily, and its movements matched to a charm the voice. Then the spark declared itself in the form of a lantern and the voice attached itself to the form of a man—a man distinctly inebriated, but happy enough to all appearance.

As this personage drew closer, Mahon, who was standing in the shelter of the cabin, thought that he had never in his life before seen so villainous a countenance as the lantern light, helped out by the moon, showed to him.

The man was approaching the cabin, but when he got within twenty paces or so of it he seemed to change his mind and passed on, and Mahon, after a moment's hesitation, left the cabin and followed him. Villainous-looking as the creature was, he was inebriated and therefore harmless. He was sure to lead to some human habitation—"And," thought the young man, "if by any chance his drunkenness does lead us to a boghole, he's going first and will be the first in, and even if I can't get him out, I can stand stock-still till morning. Anything is better than that cabin and the smell of that turf."

But there was little chance of the man who was leading him leading him wrong. He evidently knew the way by heart, and Mahon kept so close on his heels that he could hear the old horn lantern the creature carried jiggling and creaking; and every now and then he got a scent of rum on the air, so that at times he could have followed with his eyes shut, led only by his nose.

At last the bog-land was past and the road began to declare itself as a road by putting up stone walls on either side, and it was now that the wanderer, while giving thanks for his deliverance, suddenly remembered the horse he had left behind him and had clean forgotten up to this. The creature had probably found its own salvation, led by the instinct of its kind. However that might be, there was no use in troubling about it, and indeed all thoughts of the horse were driven from his mind by the sight of two big gates on the left-hand side of the road. Park gates giving entrance to a park and carriage drive and, "as sure as fate," thought Mahon, "the gates of Barrington Hall, the very place I am bound for."

The man with the lantern turned in at the gates, which were wide open and led the way up an avenue, set on either side with oaks, whose great boles stood in ranks like sturdy soldiers and whose leafless limbs and twigs made a tracery against the cloud-strewn, moon-tinged sky. It was a splendid avenue, such as one rarely sees in Ireland nowadays, and they had followed it for perhaps five hundred yards when the lantern-bearer stopped dead, shifted the lantern from one hand to the other, put his fingers to his mouth and gave a whistle.

Instantly from between the tree boles appeared another man, also carrying a lantern, and it was at this moment, aided perhaps by the additional light, that Mahon noticed a strange thing about the creature he had been following: he wore a rope round his neck, a rope noosed loosely, and hanging down his back like a snake.

The lantern carriers brought their heads together and seemed to converse, speaking, however, in so low a tone that not a word or whisper of what they said came to the ears of the man who was listening, and who now for the first time felt a doubt as to the wisdom of his act in having left the shelter of the cabin to follow so dubious a leader.

However, it was too late to turn back. Barrington Hall was evidently in front of him, though still hidden by the trees, and when his guides had "collogued" sufficiently and got in motion again, he followed, but at a greater distance.

Surely enough, at a turn of the avenue which bent on itself and made an elbow, the great house broke on his view, the long line of lit windows burning in the dark, and the open hall door flinging a parallelogram of topaz-coloured light down the steps and right across the drive.

"Now I'm all right," said Mr. Mahon. "French has company and I'm filthy and not fit to be seen, but he's just about my size, and he'll lend me a change—better than sticking in that filthy turf-cutter's cabin. But what a size the house is!"

It was his first visit to French, his first visit to Donegal for the matter of that, but he was not disposed to grumble. The bigger the house, the better the cheer, and with a light heart he stepped out, taking for guide, now, the house itself and almost forgetting the gentlemen with the lanterns. They would have quite slipped his attention had it not been for the fact that all of a sudden, stopping close to one of the oaks, they blew their lanterns out, depositing them at the foot of the tree. Having done this they slipped the brogues off their feet, depositing them by the lanterns, and then, one following the other and going at a "sweep's trot," they made for the side of the house and evidently for the back premises, the half-drunk man, who seemed to have recovered his sobriety, going as nimbly as his mate.

"Burglars," said Mahon.

Increasing his pace to a run, and taking the soft turf by the drive, he made after the ruffians till he came to the house-side, where the big stable-yard door hung open. Entering the yard softly, he looked around him. He could hear the horses champing their corn and the rasp of the chains. A stable-lantern hung from a hook. It was lighted and cast its glimmer on the cobblestones of the yard and the empty buckets set in rows; but not a sign of a groom or servant was there. They were all evidently carousing in the servants' hall, keeping up Christmas like their masters above stairs.

Mahon glanced around; then he advanced, looking for the traces of the men he had followed. Turning an angle of the house, he came on the kitchen-garden, and there, set against the wall and leading up to an open window, stood a ladder.

The whole thing was plain. The scoundrels had entered the house by the open window and were busy now ransacking the rooms. Elated by his discovery and chuckling to himself, the young man turned swiftly and, with as little noise and as much haste as possible, came back through the stable-yard to the front of the house.

As he drew near the hall door, he heard the sounds of revelry. Yes, without any manner of doubt, French was keeping Christmas up in the good old style—and even more than the good

old style, for the din coming from the big room, whose three flaming windows lay on the left of the hall door, was beyond words. These windows were level with the ground and barred on the outside; but the curtains were not drawn, and Mr. Mahon, stopping at the middle window, looked in.

He saw a sight that more than accounted for the noise, but so strange a sight was it that he hung, forgetful of burglars, forgetful of everything, fascinated.

Round a long polished mahogany table sat a number of gentlemen, every one of whom seemed in a different style of intoxication, some hilarious, some asleep, some singing, some shouting, others arguing with no one to listen; all drinking, with the exception of the slumberers. Some were in scarlet hunting coats, some in dark clothes of an antiquated cut, and at the head of the board, solemn and brooding over the scene, like its evil genius, sat the host. He was not French.

He was an evil-faced man, cadaverous, and wearing a patch over his left cheek, and he took snuff from a long brown box in a leisurely manner, and Mahon, watching, saw with curiosity that he wore lace ruffles after the style of gentlemen of more than a hundred years ago.

As the man at the window stood still as stone staring at the man in the room, suddenly every head turned to the door, which had been flung open, and at which two servants appeared dragging between them an object which was none other than the lantern-bearer, with the rope round his neck. The burglar had been caught red-handed, and was being dragged to justice, and the yell that arose from the assembled guests drove the watcher at the window back just as though a blow had been struck at him through the glass. Never had he heard anything so ferocious, nor had he ever witnessed so wild a scene as that which immediately followed.

Seizing the shaking wretch, who seemed half dead with terror, from the servants, two of the guests, big men in hunting scarlet, pinioned his hands behind his back, while the others pushed the long table against the wall and placed a chair on it, and as they did so Mahon noticed with a sick dread that the rope round the neck of the lantern-bearer now trailed on the floor. Had it grown in length by some supernatural means, or was it another rope placed there by the servants?

He had no time to ask himself the question, for the man with the patch on his face had now solemnly taken his seat on the chair which the others had placed upon the table. The wretch with the rope round his neck was made to kneel before him. Sentence of death and execution were made to follow one upon the heels of the other, and before Mahon could cry out the lantern-bearer was dancing in air at the noose end of the rope, whose loose end had been passed over the great main beam of the ceiling.

Leaving the window and rushing round to the hall door, Mahon was entering the house, when his foot tripped, he fell, awoke and found himself in the turf-cutter's cabin, the dawn staring him in the face and the old horse whinnying him as if to tell him the daylight had made the road clear and safe for return.

"Glory be to God!" said French, when he heard Mahon's tale. "And do you know whose cabin that was you slept in? It was Andy Meehan's, the same your great-great-grandfather hanged for burglary. Sure it's one of the traditions of Donegal. Andy burgled Kilgobbin Hall one Christmas Eve, when the boys were all there amusing themselves with punch, and they hanged him for dessert; so the tale goes. That was Kilgobbin Hall that chap led you to in your dream."

"And the man with the patch on his face?"

"The chap with the patch on his face?" said French. "Faith, if he wasn't your own old great-great-grandfather, I don't know who he was."

THE LORE OF THE APPLE.

MANY and curious are the quaint customs and weird superstitions connected with the apple. In Devonshire, the Eve of the Epiphany is the time for the "wassailing of the apple trees." After supper, carrying a pail of cider and a cake, the farmer and his men go to the orchard. While they hang portions of cake on the branches of the best apple tree, and sprinkle its roots with the cider, they sing the following verse:

Apple tree, we wassail thee,
To bear and blow
Apples enow,
Hats full, pockets full,
Pecks full, bushel bags full.

Other parts of Devonshire believe that a particular night in June decides the fate of the apple crop for the coming season, for three witches pass through the air, and if they drop certain charms on the apple blossoms the crop will be blighted. In folk medicine the apple has a part. Its juice is potent against warts, while ointment made from it softens rough skins, and heals

chaps of the lips, face and hands. Lincolnshire folk cure affections of the eyes with a poultice made of rotten apples.

Eat an apple going to bed,

Will make the doctor beg his bread,

is an old proverb familiar to everyone. In Derbyshire, if an apple tree blossoms in harvest-time, it foretells a wedding in the owner's family. The Northamptonshire peasant believes it to be an omen of death if the apple tree blooms after the fruit is ripe. In Devonshire it is said that apples "shrink up" if picked during the wane of the moon; but if the sun shines through the trees on Christmas Day, the crop next year will be a heavy one. Lastly, there are the love superstitions. If a Lancashire lass wants to know the abode of her

lover she takes an apple pip between finger and thumb, and, while moving round, squeezes it out, when it is supposed to fly in the direction of his house. To ascertain whether her admirer really loves her, the Suffolk maiden selects an apple pip and, naming it after "him," puts the pip in the fire. If it cracks loudly from the heat it is a proof of love, but if it burns without a sound she knows that the person named has no real regard for her. On the Saturday before All Hallow E'en, Penzance fruiterers sell very large apples, known as "altar apples," which girls buy and put under their pillows in order to dream of their sweethearts. The old custom of tossing an apple-paring over the shoulder, marriage or spinsterhood being foretold by its remaining whole or broken, still finds many adherents.

MOOSE-HUNTING IN CASSIAR.

By J. G. MILLAIS.

EXCEPT in Africa and other hot countries, physical illness is rare among those who follow the hunting trail. I had been chasing big-game on and off for more than twenty years without any misfortune except such as were due to accidents in canoes or boats, but now I nearly came to an end through catching a common cold in Telegraph Creek. The weather had been deplorable for eight days, constant snow and rain, which drove the cold down into my chest and on to my lungs. Before reaching Dease Lake I experienced a dull pain at the base of the right lung and felt a difficulty in breathing. During the night I had slight fever; but as it started fine on the morning of September 9th I resolved to ascend the mountains towards Eagle River, in the hope that both the weather and my health might improve. It was a foolish thing to do; but then we are all fools sometimes.

For some hours the trail was non-existent, and we had to cut a road up the hills, which became steeper and steeper as we advanced. About eleven o'clock we were forcing our way through a swamp, when the whole of the outfit plunged into a morass, three of the horses being buried up to their noses. We worked like slaves for an hour and got all out except Nigger and Griswell, the big grey mare which carried the heavy kitchen boxes. After another long struggle we got Nigger turned over and relieved of his load, when with our united efforts and the application of a rope he was safely landed on *terra firma* once more. Griswell seemed completely buried in the very worst place and was unable to move her left hind leg. After many struggles she seemed to sink deeper and deeper, until the Indians, much to my surprise, suddenly gave up and said her leg was broken and that I had better shoot her. To add to the unfortunate situation, it now began to snow heavily and I to experience a high fever, which never left me for four days. I felt miserable enough, but somehow could not leave the horse in such a situation without a final effort. The Indians had walked away and seemed inclined to do nothing further, sinking into a sulky indifference, which is a common trait in their character when things in which they have no sympathy go averse. Somewhere I had read or dreamed of men in a similar situation making wooden spades and digging out sunken animals, and when I suggested to Albert and Jimmy that they must cut down a

fir and make such implements the plan met with no enthusiasm. However, after much discussion they adopted the suggestion, and as I helped them the force of example became infectious, and we were soon laughing and joking about such a curious form of mining. To my surprise we met with wonderful success. As Jimmy and Albert dug, I cut willow scrub and trod it into the hole, and in ten minutes we had a good excavation on the right flank of the horse. In another ten minutes the Indians had made a similar cavity on the left side, one digging while the other kept back the streaming mud. Then I came with the boughs, and we all took a good foothold and heaved at the mare's flank. She moved at last into a sitting position, and after striking her on the stern and yelling, she plunged upwards and out on to a



A STARTLED MOOSE.

bank of scrub we had prepared for her reception. After three hours in such a cold bath she was shivering, and as I put my hand out to take her head-rope she whipped round and lashed out at me with her hind legs, kicking me about ten yards down the hill. At first I thought my thigh was broken, as I could not move, but on closer inspection found that it had only been grazed. It was a narrow escape, for which I was devoutly thankful, and though sore and lame for several days, I was none the worse for the accident.

It took a long time to readjust the packs on the hard ground beyond the swamp, but it was over at last, and when I got on my riding pony, Barney, I felt about as low and miserable as a man could be. It seemed that after coming 8,000 miles the expedition was to be a failure, and my heart sank at the prospect.

We made camp at about 4,000ft., where there was fine grazing for the horses, and started upwards again in falling snow at 7 a.m. Continuing all day, we reached the edge of timberline at midday, and continued on into a great white wilderness until nightfall, camping in a barren spot. It was blowing a blizzard and the thermometer about zero when I turned into my reindeer bag after a cup of tea, and here I lay for three days in a raging fever without moving. I had pleurisy, and was without proper shelter during the storm, which continued without cessation all this time. The Indians lay huddled in their blankets, and only moved to make a small fire, as wood was scarce, to feed and go to sleep again. The climax was reached on the night of the thirteenth, when I felt sure I must die from exhaustion. I even heard the Indians discussing what they would do with me when I was dead; and to make things even worse, a pack of wolves came close to the camp and howled at intervals for an hour.

Though I was so weak and could not stand without assistance, I determined to make the effort to return to the lower levels at Dease Lake, if possible; so at the first streak of dawn I sent Jimmy to fetch the horses. He returned in three hours, and we packed up and went all day to the lake. I nearly fell off the horse two or three times; but everything comes to an end at last, and we reached the lake at eventide. Here I lay for two days, when, the sun coming out, the fever suddenly left me with only bronchitis to struggle with. The following day the glorious sunshine continued, and I resolved to return to Telegraph Creek, being quite unfit to hunt, and with that intention set off homewards. It was a lovely morning, just the morning for hunting, the hills covered with snow and even the low ground powdered with a thin coating just



A GOOD HEAD.

enough for tracking. The glistening Tanzilla danced with reflected lights from the golden cotton-woods and scarlet blueberry bushes. Everything called the hunter, and yet we were going back. I had sold part of my collection of birds to do this trip; my wife would be more distressed than I. Would I get down the ever-rainy Stikine with my chest in such a mess? Now I should never have those splendid moose and caribou horns to put in the places I had already made for them in my museum at home—all these miserable thoughts crowded the mind as we sloshed along the trail in the blazing sun. Yet how good it felt after that cold wilderness up above, and how thankful I ought to be that I was alive—nice comfortable reflections these, more in keeping with "respectable middle age." And yet we are loth to abandon our youthful ambitions, and defeat is a thing few of us can bear with equanimity.

Yes, it was all an utter failure—but what is the matter? Albert and the bell mare have stopped and the hunter is gazing intently at something at his feet. Nothing would make him stop but a moose track and that a fresh one.

"He not gone far—you come," he said, laconically, and I was off my horse in a minute. I whispered to Jimmy to go on a mile and camp, and then I slipped into the heavy brush and took to the undulating hills. The track was burning fresh, and the moose, evidently a very large bull, feeding at intervals as he walked. A few hundred yards, and we saw such unmistakable signs that our quarry was close in front of us that the utmost caution was necessary. Albert kept glancing to left and right as the wood became more open.

"Getting 'bout time to lie down," he said.

Presently we emerged into an open space of burnt timber, some standing and some fallen, a great mass of noisy débris that made "still" hunting even in moccasins an impossibility. We paused as we were about to enter it, when there came a great crash to our left.

"Look—shoot quick!" said the Indian; but I knew at once what it was, and my rifle was already up trying to find an open space between that world of wooden spiliksins where my bullet could go to its mark. It was a poor chance, as the bull silently moved like a huge black ghost through the fallen forest. He was getting further and further away; but, at last, just as he reached the green timber, at about 130yds., he showed clear



CASSIAR MOOSE.

for a moment, when, holding well forward, I pulled. At the shot he half spun round, then plunged forward and was lost to view.

"You hit him—sure," said the excited Albert, setting off at a pace I could not follow.

We came to the forest edge and found plenty of blood and then started much against my will on the trail of the wounded one. I wanted to wait half-an-hour, but Albert felt sure he was well hit and that we should find the bull dead at no great distance. We stumbled on over some bad ground and I could hardly breathe. Presently I fell over a log from exhaustion, and Nature told me ever so plainly that I was in no condition to go moose-hunting. Albert had run ahead when I fell, but presently returned saying he feared the moose was hit low and might go for miles before lying down. So I handed him my rifle and told him to go and not to come back without that moose.

I had never done such a thing before and hope I never shall again. But there it was—I had to acknowledge partial defeat. In about an hour I made my way back to the Dease Lake trail and, following the tracks of the horses, reached camp much exhausted. It was nearly midnight when Albert announced his arrival with a ringing whoop. A great tongue hanging round his neck spoke plainly of success, and we left him time to have a cup of tea before relating his story. It was the usual tale. Four times had he jumped the wounded one, and then, after no fewer than seven hours' continuous tracking, he had come on the moose lying exhausted, and killed him.

The following day was spent in retrieving the head and as much meat as a horse could carry. We worked far into the night cleaning the head, which was a nice massive one of no great measurements, and attending to the scalp. The weather was now delightful: just a little frost at night and warm sun for the greater part of the day. It appeared that several large bull moose were frequenting the Tanzilla Valley in the vicinity of the river. We had not proceeded far on the 18th when we suddenly came upon a fresh track. This Albert and I at once followed, sending on Jimmy with the horses and with orders to camp within three miles if we did not return by midday. The bull led us at once down hill to the river and, after a few wanderings, it struck across at a shallow ford. As this would entail a wetting up to the middle, I funk'd it in my state of health, so we retreated by making a short cut back to the trail. Here we at once found the fresh track of the largest bull moose I had ever seen. The animal's spoor was plainly seen walking over the spoor of our horses, which had, as we knew, only gone by about ten minutes before. The moose was walking slowly up wind, so we were in high spirits that we should soon overtake him without the fear of an alarm. I was wearing moccasins; so we crept along

like cats, fearful of making the slightest sound, and parted each intervening stick as if our lives depended on it. Here Albert showed his extreme skill. He was born of a race of moose-hunters, and had seen his first bull killed when only five years of age, when he roamed the woods with his father. When little clumps of thick timber intervened, he often circled round them to pick up the spoor on the reverse side, or stopped to listen intently for the well-known crack of the feeding moose. "I think he soon lie down—he pretty full—see, he no bite much on that good feed," whispered the Indian, as he pointed at a willow a few of whose points had been snipped off.

My previous experience of hunting these animals in Europe and Canada was that for every big bull moose killed an immense amount of hard work has to be undertaken. As Mr. Moore correctly says: "I have been told by a number of hunters that the hardest hunting they have ever done was after the mountain sheep. My experience last fall (1907) in the Cassiar country was that hunting sheep, although there is a great deal of hunting to do, is a pleasure compared with hunting moose."

But there are times which can only be called "hunter's luck," and this was now to be my experience. Albert seemed to go slower and slower, till at last he stopped, and, stooping down, peered under the bushes towards a little clearing. I looked, too, and saw some dark object there which caused me to cock my rifle at once. I took a step forward and at once saw an immense bull moose lying under a small spruce within 30yds. His head was lowered and his almost white antlers looked like the branches of a rotten tree. I saw that the latter were wide and very broad in the palms and at once raised my rifle to shoot. The sudden movement attracted his attention and he lurched heavily to his feet, whereupon I at once put a bullet behind the shoulder. He gave one plunge forward and was in the act of falling when a second ball penetrated his heart.

It was all too easy. We had not walked half a mile when I had found one of the finest animals I have ever killed—asleep. I felt almost ashamed to get such a splendid trophy so easily. It was just like the case of my friend P. B. Van der Byl, who, after toiling hard for a month on the Kenai Peninsula, sat down in camp one evening to scratch his head and lament his hard luck. At that moment he heard a terrific crashing in the forest and rushed out to find two bull moose (71in. and 72in. heads) engaged in mortal combat. He killed them both at about twenty yards. But such is luck.

My moose was a beauty. Many larger have been killed in Cassiar, and, though not very wide, the horns were very thick and the palms of considerable breadth. It was such a trophy as I had often longed to possess, and now having got it, I felt that my journey was not a failure after all.



BROAD IN THE PALMS.

AT the notable pageant which figured in the Lord Mayor's Procession through the City last November, there appeared the living presentments of sundry English musicians, great men in their own days, and not altogether forgotten even in these times. So public a recognition of the fact that Englishmen have a musical past to be proud of does honour to the Lord Mayor and the deviser of his show; yet one cannot help surmising that one of the composers represented was there under false colours, and that if Dr. Bull, the runaway organist of James I., had not had the good fortune to have been christened John, the citizens of London would not have had the privilege of seeing him figuring in the Lord Mayor's Show as the composer of the National Anthem. There is, indeed, plenty of evidence to show that Bull was a great performer in his day: it is recorded that when King James dined with the Merchant Taylors' Company in 1607, "Mr. John

Bull, Doctor of Musique, did play all the dynner time to his Majesty on a very rich paier of organs," for which he was rewarded by being admitted into the livery of the company, and it was said that he "was so much admired for his dexterous hand on the organ that many thought that there was more than man in him." He was, in fact, the Liszt of his day, a very great performer, but (as his music shows) far below his contemporaries, Tallis and Byrd, as a composer, and (according to Anthony à Wood) "being possess'd with crotchetts, as many musicians are," one fine day he "went beyond the seas without license," took service with the Archduke Albert of the Netherlands and ended his career as organist of Antwerp Cathedral, where he was buried in 1628. The reason he gave the Archduke for his flight seems to have been that he was a Catholic; but Mr. William Trumbull, King James's Minister at Brussels, puts a different complexion on the matter, and wrote to his master

A FORGOTTEN COMPOSER.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

Voice.

Piano.

that he told the Archduke "plainly, that it was notorious to all the world, the said Bull did not leave Your Majestie's service for any wrong done unto him, or for matter of religion, under which fained pretext he now sought to wrong the reputation of Your Majestie's justice, but did in that dishonest manner steal out of England through the guilt of a corrupt conscience, to escape the punishment, which notoriously he had deserved, and was designed to have been inflicted on him by the hand of justice, for his incontinence, fornication, adultery, and other grievous crimes."

How, on the evidence of a seventeenth century manuscript which is known to have been tampered with over 200 years later, and which has now quite disappeared, Bull came to be credited with the composition of the National Anthem is a matter which cannot be discussed here. Like the authorship of the Letters of Junius and the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask, it is one of those questions which if a man raises he must be prepared to be considered a bore, and any editor who opens his columns to its discussion is sure to be suspected of a want of more interesting matter with which to fill them. Probably if John Bull had been called John Smith, very little would have been heard about the claim; but it seemed so fitting that our English national song should have been composed by a man who bore the name associated with everything that is characteristic of the typical Englishman, that the attribution has survived any amount of adverse criticism, and the disreputable, if talented, organist of James I. will in all probability continue to figure before posterity, as he did in the last Lord Mayor's Show, as the composer of "God Save the King." But if Bull is to have immortality, it is only fair that he should share it with one who has at least an equal claim to be considered the author of the National Anthem. Perhaps it would have been expecting too much historical accuracy, and would have been too puzzling to the November crowd, if the deviser of the Lord Mayor's pageant had presented the National Anthem as borne jointly by John Bull and Henry Carey; but the author of "Sally in Our Alley," even if his claim to be the composer of "God Save the King" be considered as based on unsatisfactory evidence, is so characteristically English in both his verses and his music that little excuse is needed for drawing attention to his position in the roll of honour of England's musicians. His origin is obscure, but he is said to have been a natural son of George Savile, Marquess of

Halifax, and to have been born between 1690 and 1695. In 1713 he published a small volume of "Poems on Several Occasions," which he speaks of as the "mean Products of my Youthful Fancy and leisure Moments," and from this volume we learn that his mother kept a girls' school at Chelsea. In a later (1729) edition of the same collection he laments the death of his "ever Honour'd Master Mr. Olans Westeinson Linnert, commonly called Westen; who gave him his first Notions of Composition," and mentions that he was "much indebted" to the "friendly instructions" of Thomas Roseingrave, organist of St. George's, Hanover Square, who is still remembered as a pupil of the famous Domenico Scarlatti. A second and enlarged edition of the Poems appeared in 1720, and a third edition, with a portrait of the author, engraved by J. Faber from a picture by J. Worsdale, was published by subscription in 1729. The list of subscribers contains the names of Handel, Colley Cibber, Mrs. Oldfield, Alexander Pope, J. F. Lampe, Thomas Hudson and many others, showing that the poet-composer must by that date have made many friends among the artists, actors and musicians of his day. He seems soon after the appearance of his first book to have been attracted to the theatre, for plays by him were acted at Drury Lane in 1715 and at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1722. He also wrote the librettos of John Christopher Smith's "Teraminta" (1732) and of J. F. Lampe's "Amelia" (1732) and "Dragon of Wantley" (1735); his burlesque "Chrononhotonthologos," which was first performed at the Haymarket in 1734, is still not entirely forgotten. His work for the theatre did not prevent him from neglecting his musical talent. "The Contrivances," his first work for the stage, was a ballad opera, containing twelve musical numbers, some of which were included in a collection of his songs which appeared in 1737 in two volumes, entitled "The Musical Century, in One Hundred English Ballads on Various Subjects and Occasions; adapted to several characters and incidents in Human Life, and calculated for innocent conversation, mirth and instruction." In 1732 he brought out "Six Cantatas," which are written in a more ambitious style than the ballads for which he was renowned. "Procris and Cephalus," a masque produced at Drury Lane in 1733, contained seven musical numbers by him, and in 1734 he wrote the music for George Lillo's "Britannia and Batavia," a masque performed in honour of the marriage of the Princess Royal with the Prince of Orange, an event which was also celebrated in "The Happy Nuptials," a short dramatic

interlude, of which only fragments remain. In 1735, Carey produced "The Honest Yorkshireman," a ballad opera which contains some of his best and most characteristic music. His last work was "Nancy, or the Parting Lovers," a musical interlude which was performed in 1739. He died suddenly (according to some accounts, by his own hand) "at his lodgings in Cold-Bath-Fields," on October 4th, 1743, leaving a widow and four young children, for whose benefit, "being left entirely destitute of any provision," a performance was given at Covent Garden in the following month.

The best description we have of Carey is to be found in Sir John Hawkins's "History of Music." "Henry Carey," it runs, "was a man of facetious temper. . . . He was a musician by profession and one of the lower order of poets. . . . But . . . the extent of his abilities seems to have been the composition of a ballad air, or at most a little cantata, to which he was just able to set a bass. Being thus slenderly accomplished in his art, his chief employment was teaching at boarding-schools, and among people of middling rank in private families. Though he had but little skill in music, he had a prolific invention, and very early in his life distinguished himself by the composition of songs: one of these, beginning 'Of all the girls that are so smart,' he set to an air so very pretty, and withal so original, that it was sung by everybody. . . . With a small stock of reputation thus acquired, Carey continued to exercise his talent in poetry and music. . . . Carey's talent lay in humour and in unmalevolent satire. . . . Carey was an Englishman, and entertained an excusable partiality for his country and countrymen; in consequence whereof he had an unsurmountable aversion to the Italian opera and the singers in it; which throughout his poems, and in some of his musical compositions, he has taken care to express. . . . As the qualities Carey was endowed with were such as rendered him an entertaining companion, it is no wonder that he should be, as he frequently was, in straits. . . . As a musician, Carey seems to have been one of the first of the lowest rank; and, as a poet, the last of that class of which D'Urfe was the first, with this difference, that in all the songs and poems written by him on wine, love and such kind of subjects, he seems to have manifested an inviolable regard for decency and good manners." Taken on the whole, Hawkins's estimate of Carey cannot be said to be unfair, though the gift of fresh and essentially English melody he undoubtedly possessed is hardly sufficiently recognised. His talent in this respect was probably overshadowed by the rising popularity of Arne, though his "Musical Century" contains much that is equal, if not superior, to anything that Arne wrote in his earlier and better style, before that popular composer affected the mannerisms of the fashionable music of his day. The song by which Carey is now alone remembered, "Sally in Our Alley," was probably written about 1717. Its origin is thus told by the author in the 1729 edition of his Poems: "A shoemaker's 'prentice, making

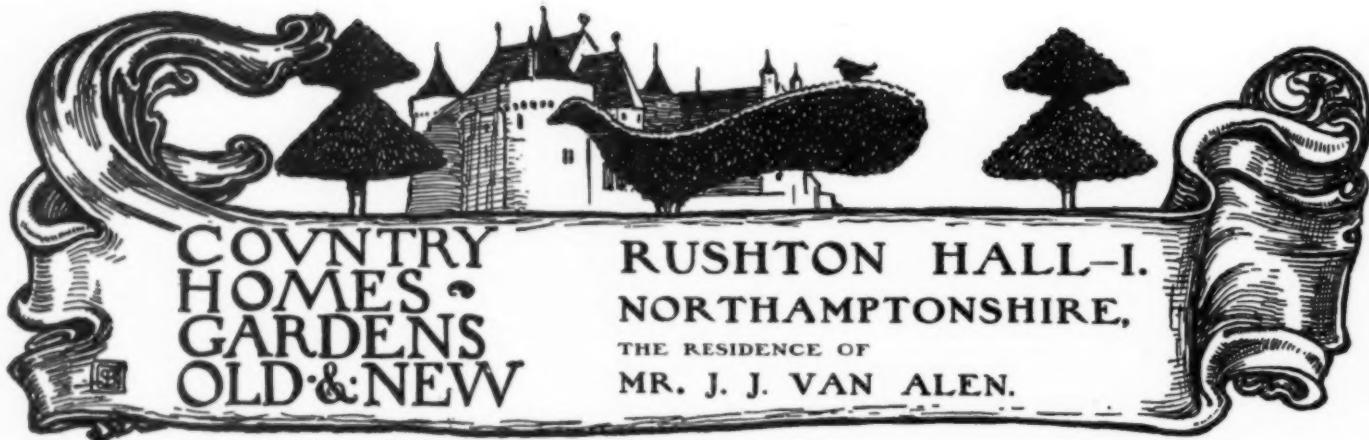
holiday with his sweetheart, treated her with a sight of Bedlam, the puppet shows, the flying-chairs and all the elegancies of Moorfields, from whence, proceeding to the farthing-pye-house, he gave her a collation of buns, cheese-cakes, gammon of bacon, stuffed beef and bottled ale, through all which scenes the author dodged them. Charmed with the simplicity of their courtship, he drew from what he had witnessed this little sketch of Nature; but, being young and obscure, he was very much ridiculed by some of his acquaintance for this performance, which nevertheless made its way into the polite world, and amply recompensed him by the applause of the divine Addison, who was pleased more than once to mention it with approbation." The song was printed as a single-sheet and was followed by innumerable imitations, which testify to its great popularity.

It is a curious fact, and not very generally known, that the tune to which "Sally in Our Alley" is now sung is not that composed by Carey. According to William Chappell, the original melody began to lose its popularity about 1760, when its place was taken by a tune which appeared about 1720 associated with a much older ballad called "The Country Lass." This tune seems, from its frequent introduction in the ballad operas of the day, to have enjoyed much popularity; but I am inclined to think that it was not adapted to "Sally in Our Alley" until later than Chappell supposed. So far as I know, it does not occur in print with Carey's words until about 1798, when it was published in a single-sheet at Edinburgh as "'Sally in Our Alley.' The real Set as Sung by Mr. Incledon never in Print before." Its subsequent popularity may be due to Incledon's singing; but, good as it is, it is to be regretted that it has ousted Carey's beautiful tune, which is here given, transposed and with the harmonies filled in by Dr. Chrysander, but freed from the alterations in the rhythm introduced (apparently on no good authority) in Chappell's "Popular Music."

It would be thought that a man who could write so pure a melody as this must have left other examples of his talent worth remembering. Indeed, Carey's "Musical Century" and operas, unpretentious as they are, are a mine in which lovers of the simple tunes which delighted our forefathers will find much to reward them. The fine song and chorus in "Nancy," "Death or Victory," is a not unworthy companion to Arne's "Rule Britannia," and there are many similar songs which breathe the spirit of patriotism that sustained England during the wars and social distress of the eighteenth century. But it was in a lighter vein that he really excelled, and of his delicate charm in this direction the following little song is, perhaps, as good an example as any. Its subject is one that has been used by many greater composers. Schumann and Brahms have treated it with more elaboration, but Carey's song—which was made popular by the singing of Kitty Clive—has an English flavour that is peculiarly its own and that is very characteristic both of its author and of the period in which he lived.

W. BARCLAY SQUIRE.

ROGER AND DOLLY.



RUSHTON HALL is still one of the important Northamptonshire seats that retains much evidence of the fine architectural style in which the great men of that county built their homes when Tudors and Stewarts ruled the realm. It has had a very chequered history. The Gunpowder Plot saw the closing days of the ownership of its ancient holders and original builders. The Jacobean work which exists to-day was begun by a wealthy Lord Mayor who was the next proprietor. His ennobled descendants sought to make it "less Gothic" at the time when the brothers Adam imposed the strictest classicalism upon English taste. In William IV.'s reign an Anglo-Dutch merchant was assisted by a fire in imposing his own fancy for "French fashion" on the house. Quite recently this "French fashion" has been swept away, and much fine work, ancient and imitative, has been introduced in order to give back something of the appearance which characterised the place soon after Cokaynes had replaced Treshams as lords of the soil.

The Treshams were an old Northamptonshire family and had held Rushton and other estates in the county for some generations before William Tresham, Speaker of the House of Commons, fell a victim in 1450 to one of those murderous onsets which heralded the approach of the Roses' War and, in that very

year, led to the slaying of the Duke of Suffolk and the Bishops of Chichester and Salisbury. Of the manner in which the Speaker met his death, Leiland gives a vivid account that well shows the danger which any man of mark on one side or other in politics ran in those days if he travelled along even his home roads without due escort. "One Willyam Tresham, owner of these landes, cumming from Northampton toward Siweile, and saying his matens, was cruelly slayne by one Salisbyri and Glyn of Wales, servantes to the Lorde Gray of Ruthyne with their route. This Williham had a route of servantes cumming by chaunce half a myle behynd him, and they hering the scry cam and cut of eche end of the spere yn hym, bringging hym bak to Northampton, where after the truncheon was pullid oute he dyed." His son Thomas was with him on the occasion, and was himself wounded and robbed. The father had leaned to the Yorkist side, but Thomas was of Henry VI.'s household, was made a Knight, and was Speaker of the Coventry Parliament, which attainted Duke Richard of York in 1459. Two years later the Duke's triumphant son, having ascended the throne as Edward IV., defeated the Lancastrians at Towton and massacred most of his important prisoners when the battle was over. Though among the captured, Thomas was spared to fight another day with more



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"COUNTRY LIFE."

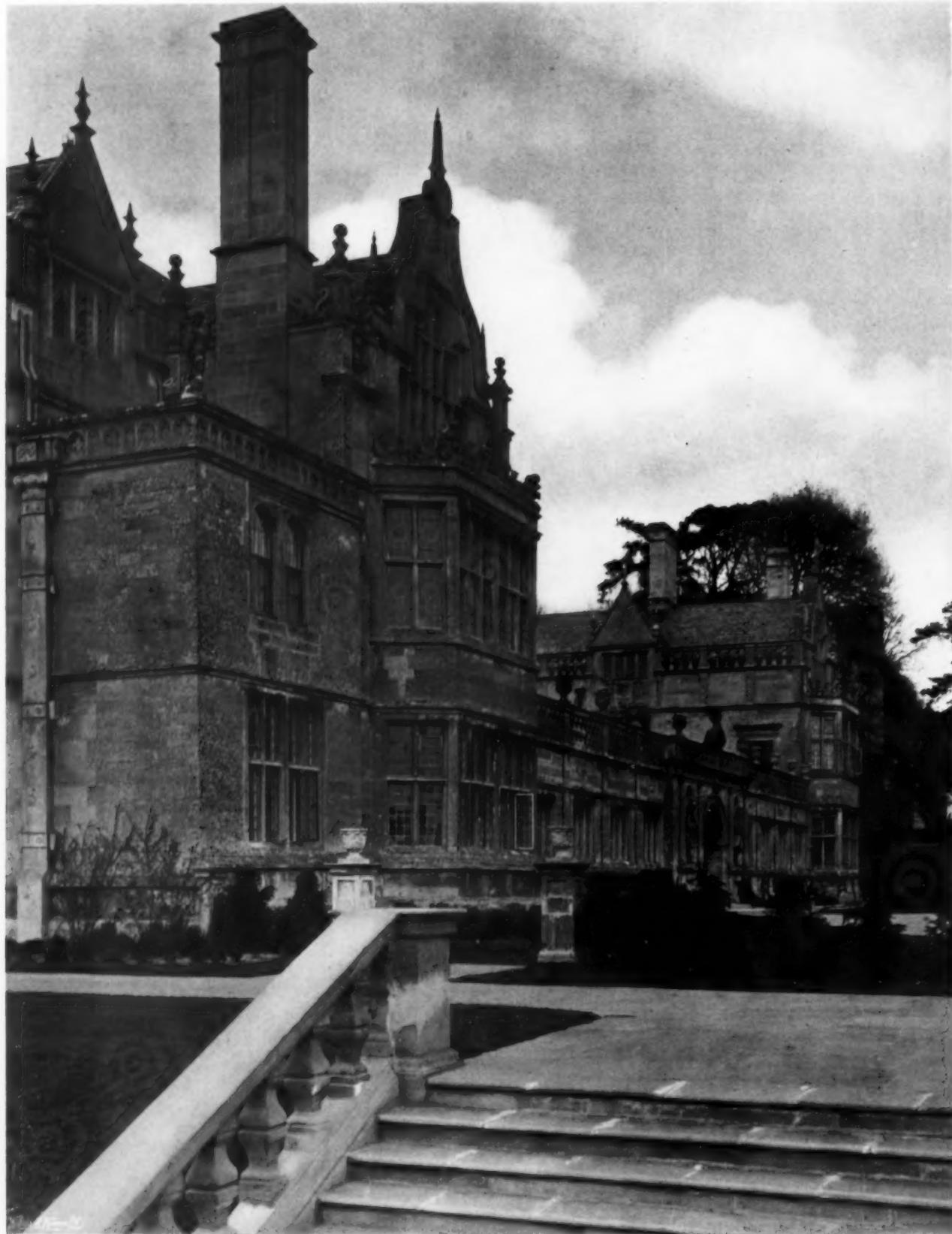
IN THE QUADRANGLE.

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fatal results. The attainder which fell on him after Towton had been reversed and much of his property restored to him on the grounds that he had been a household servant of Henry VI. "and durst not disobey him." But this escape did not teach him the prudence of a retired life. He joined Warwick in setting Henry upon the throne again in 1470, and in the next year fought at Tewkesbury in the disastrous battle which ended the

had held Rushton as well as Sywell and Lyveden, but we find nothing at Rushton earlier than the time of John Tresham. Whereas all the rest of the house is faced with ashlar, there is a single gable at the south end of the western elevation which is built of rubble stone, and its arched and cusped window-heads are of the kind that were in vogue during the early period of the Tudor régime. Many of the windows in other parts of the house



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FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Lancastrian hopes. He, with the Duke of Somerset and many others, fled to the Abbey for sanctuary. But they were dragged out and form the list of victims given in the "Faston Letters" under the heading "Thes be men that were heveded."

When Henry Tudor, fourteen years later, won Bosworth field and mounted the throne under Lancastrian influence, Sir Thomas's estates were restored to his son John. Sir Thomas

also have arched window-heads—for instance, the top lights in the quite untouched and amusingly bulging hall oriel facing north into the courtyard. That was a form which, gradually growing flatter and wider while the stone mullioning tended to become thinner, endured all through Henry VIII.'s time, and was used rather later even by Edmund Brudenell and Edward Griffin at the neighbouring houses of Deene and Dingley.



Copyright.

THE EAST ELEVATION.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Much, therefore, may well have been built at Rushton under John Tresham's son, in whose time, as we know from Leland, Rushton was the chief seat of the family. He was one of the several Sir Thomases of this family, and was sheriff of his county for the first time in 1524. He served that office again, sat in the House of Commons, was a commissioner to enquire into Wolsey's possessions when the great Minister fell, and, in Edward VI.'s reign, he assisted Warwick in defeating Kett's Norfolk rebellion. But he clung to the old faith, and when Edward breathed his last he and Warwick were found in opposite camps. It was Tresham who first proclaimed Mary in

Northamptonshire and who guarded her on her march to London. He had his reward, for, when Mary restored the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, Sir Thomas was made its Grand Prior, and, as such, had a seat in the House of Lords. How he might have fared under Elizabeth is a problem of which the solution was avoided by his death a few months after her accession, but the grandson who succeeded him was of those who found it costly and uncomfortable indeed to differ in the sixteenth century from the religious views adopted for the time being by the Sovereign. That grandson was Sir Thomas the Builder, and, from the architectural as well as the religious point of view, the most



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EAST CORNER IN THE QUADRANGLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

interesting member of the family. His grandmother having been a Parr of Horton and cousin to Henry VIII.'s last Queen, he was, as a fatherless lad, brought up a Protestant. But the strong bent of his mystical nature was towards his father's faith, and Robert Parsons the Jesuit had little difficulty in turning him into a keen adherent when he fell under his influence in 1580. He and his brother-in-law and neighbour, Lord Vaux of Harrowden, were the leaders of the Catholic gentry of Northamptonshire that hid and housed the proscribed Fathers, Campion being an inmate of Rushton in 1581. This cost his host dear, for he was brought before the Star Chamber and endured seven years of detention. Before that he had begun to indulge his taste in architecture and had built the market-house at the little town of Rothwell, which lies a couple of miles west of Rushton. After his release from detention in the Fleet Prison or at his own home at Hoxton, he again lived at Rushton, and though his means were much reduced by the heavy annual fines which were extracted from leading recusants, he could spare something on his hobby. The date 1595 appears on two of the gables of the house, and below the one on the west side is a shield of Tresham impaling Throckmorton, of which family his wife was a member. The same date appears on the chimney of the most peculiar and mysterious of his buildings, the Triangular Lodge, which stands in a dense grove west of the house. To Tresham his religion was a very real thing. "The most tyme I employe in studie ys in divinitie," declared he in the Star Chamber. Of the many branches of divinity, dialectics and symbolism seem to have been his favourites. He defended himself and his fellow-recusants by long petitions and far-fetched arguments, and he designed

and decorated his buildings in a symbolic manner. Thus the Rushton Lodge is triangular, has three windows to each of the three floors of its three sides, and in the triangular pediment over the doorway is the inscription, *Tres testimonium dant*. Besides these and many other references to the Trinity, there are numerous religious legends and emblems. Three texts occur on the frieze of the entablature, and a set of letters on the cherub gargoyles has been deciphered as the initials of the Latin words of the sentence in Revelations, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come." Six of the gable panels and the three on the central chimney have such emblems as the Seven-branched Candlestick and the Hand of God on a Globe. Yet with all this religious significance there is mixed up much personal and family reference. The iron heads to the tie-bars, of which there are two on each side, are shaped into the letters and numerals T. T. 1593. The Tresham arms and crest appear frequently, together with the coats of all the families with which the Treshams were allied; and more than once we get here, as on the Hall, the Tresham trefoils impaling the Throckmorton chevron, proving that the Lodge owes its origin to Sir Thomas. More than this, it must be noticed that the whole building was designed as a play on the family name. That name was in old time as often spelt *Tresame* as *Tresham*, and the "h" was probably pronounced. Just as the name will have suggested the trefoils on the family coat, so will its first syllable have influenced the design of the Lodge. Quaint conceits were rife under Elizabeth, such being the very essence of the language and literature of the School of the Euphuists. There is a good deal of the same spirit in the architecture of the period, and John Thorpe designed a house for himself planned in the shape of the letters I T, and wrote on the plan :

Thes 2 letters I and T
ioyned together as you see
Is ment for a dwelling house for mee.
John Thorpe.

Now John Thorpe, who was connected with the building or surveying of such Northamptonshire houses as Holdenby and Burghley, and who at Kirby "laid ye first stone A^o 1570," was most likely the expert employed by Sir Thomas Tresham to give practical shape and substance to his architectural ideas, so much so that in the Thorpe book of drawings at the Soane Museum we find the ground plan of Lyveden New Building, the edifice which Sir Thomas had in hand at the time of his death. Two minds, therefore, with something of the like bent towards quaint imaginings, probably worked out the elaborate scheme and details of the Triangular Lodge, and it no doubt gave them double pleasure that the same framework could be filled in with references to both the Trinity and the Treshams, and be given a family as well as a religious significance. Whether the Lodge was ever more than a plaything it is difficult to say. The theory that it was a retreat or an oratory for the Jesuit Fathers whom Sir Thomas sheltered to his loss and peril is not sound. This singular building must have aroused great curiosity and attention, while secrecy was of the essence of all arrangements for the housing of the priests. It is not likely ever to have had a more practical purpose than the "Follies" which became fashionable in the eighteenth century.

Soon after its builder had placed the date 1595 on the chimney he was again involved in trouble. He was one of those who were in the difficult position of wishing to be loyal Englishmen as well as devout Catholics. He would have nothing to do with Spanish plots against the life and rule of Elizabeth, and there were Jesuits who looked upon him as an "atheist" because of his "friendship to the State." That State, however, again fined and imprisoned him for his recusancy in 1597 and in 1599. After his final release he seems to have occupied his leisure in erecting the cruciform house—inconvenient in disposition but of classic purity of design very unusual before the time of Inigo Jones—situate on ground lying above the old family seat of Lyveden. It lies to-day not so much a ruin as the neglected remnant of an incomplete edifice, and Mr. Gotch puts forward the likely surmise that "the curiously half-finished state of the work suggests that it was suddenly broken off in consequence of the death of Sir Thomas in September, 1605." A few weeks later, Guy Fawkes was found amid the



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TRIANGLE LODGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

gunpowder and the faggots under the Parliament House, an incident which determined the future history of Rushton.

Sir Thomas's eldest son, Francis, is described as "a wylde and unstayed man." He leaned towards dissipation punctuated by conspiracy, and it mattered little to him whether the latter was Popish or Protestant. The Jesuits considered that he was much lacking in wit when he "associated himself amongst such a dampnable crewe of heretikes" as the Earl of Essex and his friends in 1601. His adventure cost his father's already attenuated purse £1,000 to buy his pardon. Four years later he was with the Jesuits and his cousin Catesby in the gunpowder business, and his letter to his brother-in-law, Monteagle, was put forward by the Government as the evidence which led them to the discovery of a plot which they certainly had long known about and were permitting to ripen. Tresham, however, was not a spy of Cecil, but a real plotter whose recent accession to the family fortunes made him hesitating and inclined to trim. He at first escaped suspicion. He appeared at Court and he found time to go down to Rushton and hide his papers in a cavity over one of the hall doors, where they lay undiscovered for over two centuries. But after the leading conspirators had been killed or captured in Worcestershire, Tresham was apprehended and ere the year closed he died in the Tower. A younger brother inherited the estates, but found the family fortunes at so low an ebb that Rushton soon after passed by purchase to one of the most famous and wealthy of the London merchants of the age.

The Cokaynes were of Ashbourne in Derbyshire soon after the Plantagenets came to the throne, and two and a-half centuries later Sir John Cokayne was Chief Baron of the Exchequer to the first Lancastrian King. Descended from the judge's brother was William Cokayne, citizen and Skinner of London. Though seldom taking an active political part, his opinion was of weight with the Government, and when the Plantation of Ulster was decided on in 1612 he was the first governor of the colonists and founded Londonderry. King James often consulted him on business matters, and in 1616 dined with him at Cokayne House, now the City Club in Broad Street. That mansion of a merchant prince was the scene of prolonged revelry in the Easter week of 1620. Sir William was then Lord Mayor, and received the King in great state when he visited St. Paul's to give a filip to the raising of the funds necessary for the extensive repairs which Inigo Jones had declared necessary. The masque of the "Triumph of Love and Antiquity" was performed at Cokayne House, and the week of entertainments ended with the marriage of the Lord Mayor's eldest daughter with Charles Howard, soon to be Earl of Nottingham in succession to his father, the High Admiral of Armada times. The rich merchant's country seat was within driving distance of the city. But though he often resided and at length died at Comb Nevill in Kingston parish, he bought large estates further afield, of which Rushton was one. The latter he acquired during the year of his Lord Mayoralty, and a series of dates in the gables beginning with the year 1626 shows that he and his son effected large alterations at the old home of the Treshams.

The position of the dates and of the coat of arms of the family, as well as the character of the work, lead to the conclusion that the upper storey and roofing were almost rebuilt. The house as it now stands runs round three sides of a quadrangle. The south side, containing the hall and other principal sitting-rooms, looks down on to the river Ise, with its sheets of water and its cascades winding through the nobly timbered valley. The date 1848 on the south front is not necessary to show us that it is a piece of Victorian refacing, and no further comment is needed. But the outer elevation facing west and the three sides looking into the court are essentially as they were left when the Cokayne alterations were completed. The same may be said of the east side, where the Cokayne element is the strongest, for not only does the long low screen, forming a corridor and terraced roof, date from the period which succeeded the Lord Mayor's purchase of the estate, but also the great double-storeyed bays and the elaborate gable ends which flank the screen.



Copyright TRIANGLE LODGE: NORTH-WEST ANGLE. "COUNTRY LIFE."

Except these great bays and a few windows looking into the court, the Cokaynes did not interfere with the sixteenth century system of fenestration which they found on the ground and first floors. But as regards the attic storey, no original arch-headed windows remain, except the one in the rubble-stone gable looking out west. The three-tiered windows and the elaborate copings and obelisks of the gables, together with the roof balustrade and the strapwork pilasters which spring from the string-course far below it, date from the early years of Charles I., and may be compared with the almost contemporary work of Sir Francis Fane at Apethorpe, which lies a few miles east of Rushton.

There, too, a court, open to the east, was given a fourth side, and gables and parapets of the latest type were set on to a building of late Gothic character. An Apethorpe gable bears the date 1623, three years earlier than the earliest at Rushton under the Cokayne régime. The small gables at Rushton are simply triangular, but the more important ones, containing the unusual double-transomed and pyramidal windows, are curved as at Apethorpe, and the kneelers and apex are finished with very thin and lofty obelisks. That on the apex rises from a circle, and all have balls not only as terminals, but placed at the corners of their bases. The same unusual arrangement appears on the little gateway of the almshouses at the neighbouring town of Oundle. Is that gateway original to this site or was it removed from Rushton when its church and outer court were swept away in 1785? The story of Rushton's later vicissitudes must, however, be delayed till next week, when its interior will be illustrated.

T.

IN THE GARDEN.

TREES AND SHRUBS WITH CURIOUS FRUITS.

ATTENTION has frequently been drawn to trees and shrubs with showy-coloured fruit; but those remarkable for curiously-shaped rather than brightly-coloured fruit have less often been dealt with; yet among them there are many that have peculiarities which entitle them to more than passing notice. In some instances it is only the shape that attracts attention, but in others colour and fragrance also add additional charm. The fruits of the several Staphyleas are curious by reason of their inflated coverings. Those of the common *S. colchica* are from 2½ in. to 3 in. long, upwards of 1 in. in diameter and terminated with two or three points. The amount of seed they contain is usually small, for some hold but one, and rarely more than four are found. *S. pinnata*, on the other hand, has much smaller, rounded fruits, which contain several seeds each, these being almost double the size of those of the former plant. The fruits of *S. Colombieri* are intermediate in size and shape between those of the other two plants, while the seeds are more like those of the first-named. The Bladder Senna (*Colutea arborescens*) is another shrub with curiously inflated bladder-like pods, which, if squeezed, burst with a sharp report. The Hop Tree (*Ptelea trifoliata*) bears clusters of winged fruits. Each fruit is about three-quarters of an inch across, the centre being given up to the seed, and the outer part forming a thin circular wing. The Christ's Thorn (*Paliurus australis*) also bears curious round fruits, with a thin outer wing encircling a central seed. The Maples (*Acers*) are well known as producing winged fruits, but the fruits of the various species differ to a great extent in form, size and colour. Some are extremely handsome, as in the case of *A. macrophylla*, *A. insigne* and the common Sycamore (*A. Pseudo-platanus*). The first-named tree bears long racemes of fruit, sometimes from 9 in. to 12 in. in length. They are peculiar and can be distinguished from those of other species by the ovaries being covered with stiff, brownish hairs, which readily enter the skin and cause irritation. *A. insigne* is peculiar by reason of the large wide wings to the fruits, while the Sycamore produces long racemes. Many others might, however, be mentioned, such as *A. circinatum*, *A. monspessulanum*, *A. platanoides*, etc.

The various Ashes also bear winged fruits, while *Ailanthus glandulosa* produces Ash-like fruits in large terminal corymbs. Several of the Rhuses are noticeable. *R. typhina* bears upright heads of dark red fruit, and after the flowers have fallen the flower-heads of *R. Cotinus* assume a feathery or plume-like appearance, among which the fruits are produced. A very distinct type of fruit is borne by the Catalpas, for in their case it takes the form of thin cylindrical beans 6 in. to 9 in. long and as thick as a lead pencil, which hang from the branches. Leguminous trees and shrubs are responsible for some curiously-formed pods. *Gleditschia triacanthos* forms thin pods 9 in. to 12 in. long and 1 in. wide, which are often curiously contorted, while the Judas Tree (*Cercis Siliquastrum*) bears smaller flat fruits. The fruits of *Wistaria* are not often produced, but occasionally *W. multijuga* bears them, and they look like Kidney Beans covered with a fine, silky pubescence.

The *Pterocaryas* do not often produce fruit, except here and there where old specimens exist. The fruit is, however, remarkable for the curious wings attached to it. On *P. caucasica* a great many fruits are borne together in pendulous spikes 1½ ft. long. Walnuts, with racemes of half-a-dozen or more fruits each, are not often seen; but where the species, *Juglans*

cordiformis, is grown such racemes may be expected. The Magnolias are more peculiar than beautiful, though some are highly coloured; they form cone-like fruits, enclosing rather large seeds. The Euonymus fruits are attractive by reason of their bright outer covering, but are doubly interesting when they have split open, disclosing the rich orange-coloured seeds within. The Akebias are peculiar by reason of their curious, fleshy, violet-coloured, sausage-shaped fruits, while somewhat similar ones are borne by the allied genus *Decaisnea*. The round orange scarlet fruits of *Arbutus Unedo* are well known, their interesting point being the thick, fleshy spines with which they are covered. *Cornus capitata* (*Benthamia fragifera*) bears somewhat similar fruits. Two Roses may be selected as being more curious than others. These are *Rosa microphylla*, with large, yellowish green, fragrant fruits covered with thick fleshy spines, and *R. pomifera*, with hairy fruits which somewhat resemble a large Gooseberry. Some of the Ribes are distinct and curious by reason of the fruits being covered with stiff hairs, *R. cruentum* being a case in point. The catkin-bearers, such as the Willows, Poplars and Birches, each have their peculiarities. The two first-named are conspicuous by reason of the cottony covering of the seeds which, when they are ripe, covers the ground beneath the trees. Perhaps the most conspicuous of the Birch fruits are those borne

by *Betula Maximowiczii*, which are quite 3 in. long. These are only a few of the many interesting fruits borne by various trees and shrubs, and if a complete list were made the present one would be doubled or trebled in length, for conifers alone would make a long list.

W. DALLIMORE.

JAPANESE IRISES.

THE accompanying illustration shows a beautiful mass of the Japanese Irises in the garden of Mr. J. G. Millais, Compton's Brow, Horsham. The Irises, to quote from the letter of Mr. Millais, "have been exceptionally fine this year. On forty-four plants there were, on August 7th, 500 flowers expanded."

THREE AUTUMN FLOWERS.

Perennial Sunflowers.—These are companions to the Aster and may be used in the same ways. *Helianthus* is the botanical name; they are first cousins to the big annual Sunflower that is now heavy with the brown, oily seeds. *H. orgyalis* is the tallest of the family, 7 ft. or 8 ft., slender, graceful and supporting myriads of small, soft yellow flowers that tremble in the wind. This may be planted among taller shrubs. Miss Mellish and *H. G. Moon* are also tall in growth, and the last-mentioned, raised by the late eminent painter, *H. G. Moon*, has the great virtue of not ramping here, there and everywhere; it keeps its roots under control. A fault of the perennial Sunflowers in general is their desire to smother everything within their reach; their aggressiveness must be checked by lifting the roots, dividing them, and replanting once in three years. *Multiflorus* and the double form, two of the best known, are more suitable for the border than for planting among shrubs.

Japanese Windflowers (*Anemone japonica*) are almost too familiar to describe, but of the autumn flowers they are the most useful. Several varieties have been raised, such as *Lady Ardiaun* and *Whirlwind*, which have double flowers more or less; but none in freedom of growth and bloom surpasses the favourite of many years past, the white form called *alba* or *Honorine Joubert*. It is often forgotten that the Japanese Anemone delights in a very rich soil and an abundance of water in dry summers. Before me as I write there is a long row of the type; the flower-stems are tall and bear a quantity of bloom that is most useful for cutting, this and the orange yellow of the *Montbretia* making a desirable change on the table, a relief to the somewhat wearisome use of the Sweet Pea. This row is in partial shade, and the wonderful growth, as lusty as the Dahlias close at hand, is the



ontcome of plenty of manure and water. A good dose of liquid manure occasionally when the flower-spikes are developing is appreciated by the plants.

Belladonna Lily (*Amaryllis Belladonna*), and the form known as the Kew variety is richest in colour. This originated in the famous gardens, and a row of it may be seen under one of the plant-houses. The Belladonna Lily is a Cape flower. It blooms before the leaves appear, and has large Lily-like flowers of the softest rose and delicately scented. Warmth is essential, that is, a warm soil and position and shelter, not from any actual tenderness of constitution, but from the lateness of the season in which these exquisite flowers appear. Plant the bulbs in summer, 6 in. deep, and in a soil consisting of loam, leaf-mould and sharp silver sand. This provides the necessary lightness, and as an additional precaution, beneath the bulbs, to act as drainage for the free egress of water, put in bits of pot or clinker. There need be no disturbance of the bulbs under five years when they have been given this assistance.

C.

A BEAUTIFUL NEW BERRIED SHRUB.

Any plant that helps to brighten our gardens and woodland during the dull days of late autumn and early winter is always greatly appreciated, and although we have many hardy trees and shrubs that give us freely of their berries or brightly-tinted foliage at the season named, there is always room for good new ones. Among the most beautiful of those noted for their berries are the shrubs known as Cotoneasters, and it is to a new member of this family named *C. applanata* that attention is now drawn. It is a vigorous-growing shrub, its rather slender branches being produced in great profusion. These assume a somewhat pendulous habit, and as each is freely bedecked with brilliant scarlet berries, a good-sized shrub would be an object of great beauty. The leaves are of medium size, dark green on the upper surface and grey and woolly beneath. As the berries are retained well into the winter, this shrub only needs to be better known to make it a general favourite. When shown before the Royal Horticultural Society last year it received the special distinction of an award of merit.

H.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

THE BLACK-HEADED GULL.

THE black-headed gull (*Larus ridibundus*) is one of the sea-gulls which spend only a portion of the year on the coast and retire inland in early spring, remaining on the uplands till late summer. Some observers state that this habit has only been acquired within recent times, and if this is correct it would be interesting to discover what instinct has caused the birds to leave the coast during the winter season. Another interesting fact in this connection is the habit of the common gull to migrate inland on the East Coast of Scotland while remaining near the sea on the West. In the district where my observations have been made, the common gulls invariably retire to the most inaccessible mountain lands early in May, and I know of no colony nesting within thirty miles of the sea. The black-headed gull leaves the coast considerably earlier than the common variety, and just previously dons the black, or rather dark brown, head of the breeding plumage from which it derives its name. As the accompanying photograph shows, the gulls, during their inland sojourn, are most confiding, and during July, when on their way from their nesting haunts to the coast, assemble in large flocks round villages, where they feed on refuse of

putting greens of the local golf course, and while thus engaged in feeding are very confiding and allow one to approach to within a few yards.

DEER-STALKING IN FULL SWING.

All over the forests the stalking season is now in full swing, and many fine heads have been secured in Ross and Sutherland. The weather since mid-August has been extraordinarily stormy, and day after day westerly and north-westerly gales have been raging. One result of these unseasonable weather conditions has been that the herds of stags have broken up and have been almost invariably on the low grounds, thus allowing sportsmen to get near them without long mountain climbs. It is remarkable how quickly the deer go off to the hill tops when the early morning is fine and settled, and deer are very good weather prophets, so when they are seen on the high grounds one can be confident that the weather is to be fine. There is nothing a herd of deer love so much as to seek out some sheltered corrie where some of the winter's snow still lingers, and to lie on the snowfield during the heat of the day. A great enemy of theirs during July and early August is the "glead," a large fly of dark colour which has the power of inflicting a very painful bite. It is this fly which often sends the deer to the highest ground, for, curiously enough, it



BLACK-HEADED GULLS INLAND.

various kinds. This season, however, instead of migrating to the coast in late July, they are still with us at the present date of writing (September 1st). The young birds of the year are strong on the wing, but are distinguished from their parents by their mottled plumage. The adult birds have by now almost entirely lost their dark brown heads, and look extremely comical with what appear bald patches on their heads. The birds just at present are feeding with great relish on a certain grub which they find on closely cropped lawns, and even on the

is almost completely absent at a height of 4,000ft. This season deer are backward, and when the season opened very few of the stags were clear of velvet. Even at the present time of writing there are still in the most backward parts of the forests individual stags which are not yet ready for the stalker's rifle.

THE SNOWS OF THE CAIRNGORMS.

It is always interesting to compare year by year the larger snowfields which still remain on the Cairngorm Mountains during the month of September.

Last winter was an exceedingly open one on the hills up to the month of March, when a very severe storm was experienced. If it had not been for this storm the Cairngorms would have been nearly clear of snow by the present time, and even as it is, the fields are smaller than usual. The most eastward of the Cairngorms to retain a snowfield through the summer is Beinn a' Bhuid (the Table Mountain), which is only a little short of 4,000ft. in height. The hill has an extensive plateau, and across this the snow is whirled during the winter blizzards and is deposited on the southern face of the hill, where it remains till September, as a rule. During unfavourable seasons the field remains throughout the year, as in 1907. Probably the most extensive field of snow is on the eastern corrie of Ben Muich Dhui, at a height of just short of 4,000ft. above sea-level.

DECRAK OF THE DOTTEREL.

It is a regrettable fact that the dotterel is every year becoming less numerous at its former haunts, and in the near future it is quite possible that it may be banished from these islands as a nesting species. In former years the dotterel (*Endromis morinellus*) was comparatively plentiful in the Lake District, but it does not at the present time nest anywhere in England, as far as my knowledge goes. On some of the wildest mountains of the Highlands it still returns year by year to its former nesting haunts; but the unpardonable greed of the egg-collector has thinned its numbers greatly during recent years. A keeper friend of mine stated that he had been offered as much as £4 for a clutch of dotterel's eggs, and it is to his credit that he refused the bribe. The dotterel during the breeding season is absurdly confiding, and often one is able after a little patience to stroke the parent bird on her nest. Towards the end of the past nesting season I spent some days in the dotterel country endeavouring to find a nest, and though I was

disappointed in this, I was fortunate in coming across a brood of dotterel only a few days old. We had been searching for some time without success when we came across a pair of birds on the summit plateau of a mountain over 3,000ft. in height. One was standing apparently on guard, while the other was dozing in the sun. They allowed us to approach to within a few yards before taking wing, and we fully expected they had young, but they flew off at top speed and disappeared over the brow of the hill. A few minutes later we noted a dotterel running along in front of us at full speed, and so the keeper and I lay down and remained quite motionless to await developments. Soon the mother dotterel ventured near us, and after she had walked cautiously round us several times we noticed that a tiny chick was following her as fast as it could. The parent bird seemed surprised to see one of her family pursuing her when she had left them all well hidden, but soon the youngster again crouched on the ground. We discovered another young bird in the vicinity and I secured several good photographs. The mother dotterel all this time was becoming more and more anxious, and ultimately came up and brooded the young, not even moving when a fast shutter was let off at her. It is a curious fact that the dotterel's clutch consists almost invariably of three eggs, though a keeper once told me he had found a nest containing the usual number of eggs, but in a burn close by there was a fourth egg which he thought was probably laid by the same bird. Why the dotterel's clutch should only number three eggs is rather a mystery, for golden plover, lapwing, curlew, snipe and, in fact, almost all wading birds have a clutch of four. The reason for this is obvious. When there are four pear-shaped eggs in the nest, they lie with the small ends together in the shape of a cross, and the whole arrangement is symmetrical, whereas when three eggs only are laid this symmetry is to a great extent lost.

SETON GORDON.

SPORT IN SENEGAMBIA.

SENEGAMBIA as a sporting region is very little known. About 1840 several expeditions appear to have been sent out there in quest of the Senegambian eland and other beasts, but the result seems to have consisted of live specimens bought from the natives rather than hunters' trophies or museum specimens. Of late years, however, no one seems to have given that part a thought, partly on account of the bad reputation for climate which the West Coast has earned, but chiefly, I imagine, from the hostile attitude of the French, which has now so happily become a thing of the past. Starting in November



KORRIGUM.

of 1907, I reached Dakar on December 1st. I took train for St. Louis, which is situated at the mouth of the Senegal River. From St. Louis I went by the river steamer; my intention was to go by steamer all the way to Kayes, about 400 miles, from which point a railway takes the traveller to the Niger. However, it was too late in the season, and there was not enough water to get further than Podor (120 miles), so a canoe was requisitioned, and a very tedious journey made in it to Matam. There is no game near the

banks of the Senegal to speak of except quantities of warthog; but further in one gets the red-fronted gazelle in



ROAN ANTELOPE.

small numbers, and further North still the dama gazelle and probably the addax and leucoryx. The country, however, is too unsettled to be safe, nomad Moors being in the habit of raiding constantly. After a long trek of 200 miles, I at last got into a good game country, having made various attempts in different directions, acting on the advice of either French or natives, whose ideas on the subject of game proved, with one exception, entirely wrong. It is not a pleasant country to shoot in, being entirely flat and covered with thin bush throughout. This bush, however, is hardly ever thorn, but composed of stunted trees, mostly leafless, varied by one particular sort which always has bright green leaves growing sparsely on it. The country is almost waterless, the villages all having their own wells, and, except for a pool here and there, which was left from the rainy season, one never saw water at all. I think many of the beasts never do drink, at any rate for a week or two at a time, particularly the giraffe and the red-fronted



SING SING WATER-BUCK.

5-8in. longer. They were out in an open plain which had had its long grass burnt. There is no dense forest in this part and they mostly inhabit the thin bush, preferring to be where there is some long grass to hide in. On the plains which fringe the rivers are found Buffon's cob in fair numbers. I have never seen them in huge herds such as one sees of their cousins, the puku, in North-Eastern Rhodesia and the Congo boundary, but they can be seen in every direction in the late afternoon in their favourite places. They are very handsome, sturdy fellows, bright red, with black marking down the fore legs. Their horns, which are similar to those of the puku, are good in this part. I got several over 18in., one over 19in. and one over 20in. Buffalo are fairly common. They are not the Congo variety, but intermediate between that and the Bos Caffer. The best horn I got measured 27in. round the outside curve. They vary considerably in shape, the females particularly having horns which are more or less upright, the tips approaching each other within 6in. or 8in. I have seen two big bulls in one herd, one pitch black and the other light red, so colour does not appear to be a matter of age. They appear to drink regularly every night, and then trek slowly away to higher ground, where they lie up in quite open country, trying to

get some shade from the leafless little trees. They have a very bad reputation, but one I wounded we tracked for two days and



SENEGAMBIA ELAND.

gazelle. I never saw any signs of giraffes near the rivers, even at the end of the dry season. In the interior they were numerous, judging from the number of tracks I saw. The roan antelope is quite common in these parts and the most widely distributed, ranging well up to the Sahara and down to Sierra Leone. They seem to resemble the Soudan roan, having the black in the face continued well down the front of the neck, and extending right to the chest. I never got a good head myself, but 28in. ones were not uncommon in the villages, so I imagine they run to good heads in these parts. I feel sure the other West African beasts have better heads here than in other parts of West Africa, as although I only had six weeks left for shooting by the time I found good shooting grounds, I got records of four varieties, according to Rowland Ward's latest (at that time) book, but I see that some of them have been beaten since. The bushbucks which are common in suitable localities (always near water) are very dark, but finely marked. The females are red. The first time I saw them there were two together; I got them both, and one equalled the record and the other was



RED-FRONTED GAZELLE.

put up eight times, and he never offered to charge. Hartebeeste are common, but owing to the bush it is very difficult to get a good head; time after time I got up to a herd and was unable to pick out a good head. The only decent bull I got was in an open plain. When he saw me coming he advanced, prancing to within 200yds., when he got it fairly in the chest. The skin of the West African hartebeeste has the blue velvet sheen upon it which the bastard hartebeestes have. I have not seen this commented on in any of the books on the subject. They also have a curious white mark below the eyes, across the face. The native name is colonga.

The korrigum, a Senegal hartebeeste, is the largest of the bastard hartebeestes. Barring size, it is almost identical with the topi, though its colouring is less handsome than that of the latter. Their range seems to be as far south as the Gambia, beyond which only stray ones appear to exist. They are found north of the Senegal River. They keep to the desert parts until the end of the dry seasons, when they come to the rivers in herds of sixty to one hundred, though smaller numbers are often met with.

They are excessively common by the rivers at this time, and where I found them in numbers, I had six weeks before not seen one at all. They have a handsome skin, dark brown bodies, shot with blue, and black legs, the black running right up to the shoulder. Owing to the difficulty of picking a head in the bush, I never got one more than 24in., but I am quite sure one I saw in the open at long range must have been several inches more. The native name is ndarwa. The finest trophy of all the beasts in this part is the Senegambian eland. The natural history books consider this beast to be identical with the Bahr-ghazel one, but I think they are wrong. From the specimens I have seen I think that the ears are half-way between those of the Bahr-ghazel eland and the East African one, and the black markings which give such a striking appearance to the Soudan one are entirely absent, except for a few dark hairs on the top of the neck. These beasts, said by Rowland Ward's book never to have been shot by a white man, are very difficult to get. They are essentially migratory and are continually travelling. The first place in which I found them appeared by the tracks to be full of them. Owing, however, to the difficulties of going quietly, both by reason of the stones, and also the cane grass, which snapped at every step like a gun going off, I never came up with any at this place, except a young one, which I think I might have caught had I not been so anxious to follow the adult ones, which I believed were close on ahead. Each day at this place I saw fresh tracks of several small herds, but the natives were most unfriendly and I could not get a tracker of any practical use. The young one I saw, by the way, looked exactly like a Jersey calf, having no stripes on it whatever. It



WEST AFRICAN BUSHBUCK: A RECORD HEAD.

had the V-shaped mark very clearly defined below the eyes. I ultimately returned to this place six weeks later and not a fresh track was to be found, which was particularly annoying, as I had, meanwhile, engaged a first-rate tracker. I stayed eight days in this camp, starting out at 4.30 a.m. every day, and again going out at 3 p.m. every afternoon. Once I really thought I had got one. It was in the afternoon. We had just crossed a stream and were passing through a line of high cane grass when one of the men called my attention to a noise made by a beast breaking through the grass within quite a short distance. I started after it at once, keeping to one side of the fringe of grass so as not to make a noise. After a quarter of an hour's tip-toeing, during which I could hear the sounds growing less distant, I got to a fairly open place with some big shady trees in it and was able to get on an ant-heap and have a spy. About 60yds. off I could see a dark grey beast, at least 6ft. high, just going to disappear behind a big tree. I had no time to consider, so I gave it a side shot with a soft-nosed bullet. I made certain it was an eland, and a big bull at that. But, to my consternation, out rushed three elephants—a fair bull, a cow and a big young one. Having only soft-nosed bullets in, I sought safety in flight, expecting a charge every second, as they had taken a direction which would put them in line to get our wind. However, they never stopped. The next day I sent men after them to see if the calf had fallen, and they came on five elephants just about the same place, which so frightened them that they came back to camp and could not be induced to leave it again. However, I did eventually get an eland, but up to the end was pursued by bad luck. We had practically given up hope of ever seeing one, when we put up two bulls in the bush. They raced away, and I fired at them without effect. They did not go far, however. Within an hour we came up with them again, going along quietly, stern on, in thin bush. I got to within 150yds., and, waiting till the one which I thought was the better turned slightly, I gave him a raking shot. They at once galloped off, but stopped within 200yds., the unwounded one waiting with the other. Directly I fired, the shikari I had with me lost his head and ran in like a badly-broken retriever. They were so intent on each other that I got up to 150yds. again, and gave the unwounded one a shot and put in several more as they ran off. Here my gun-bearer was not to be restrained, but rushed on ahead of me. We came on them quite soon, standing, both with their heads down, and all that was necessary was to do a quiet stalk and administer the *coup de grace*. However, this wretched nigger, wildly excited, simply rushed at them, no doubt expecting to catch them in his hands, and off they went, separating and going different ways. Of course, as luck would have it, we got on to the wrong one, who, being less severely wounded than the other, kept on going over stony ground, where a lot of time was lost continually. He went straight down wind, so that every time we did get near he was off again before we could see him, having got our wind, and, to cut a long story short, we had to go back to camp without getting him. Next



TREE UPROOTED BY ELEPHANTS.

day before dawn we were out again and quickly found his tracks, but ultimately lost them without seeing him. As we started to go home, however, I noticed vultures continually flying in one direction. We made for the place and came on the first one I had shot, dead, but with its face and parts of its body completely spoilt by the vultures. The beast was apparently fairly young; it measured 5ft. 9in. at the shoulder, which is not tall for an eland, but it was a lanky beast and could no doubt have developed a great deal in another year or so. Its horns were fine, but not as big as some of the Soudan specimens. I should think, judging from this specimen, that if I had had a good tracker I should certainly have got several much better at the first eland camp I came to. The colour of the beast was grey; it showed the V-shaped mark on the forehead very distinctly, and it had a white collar round its neck. It had the same peculiar black mark on the back of the fore leg that the South African eland has. Thus ended my attempt to get the Senegambian eland. With the knowledge of their migration that I have now, I think I should have no difficulty in getting plenty of specimens another time, particularly as I got a splendid tracker who was very anxious for me to come back another year, and take him out shooting again.

The sing sing water-buck is common in certain localities, but not very easy to get. They have splendid horns. My best

was over 29in., and I think with more time I might have got better still. If one goes to a part where other sportsmen have not been, one may get either of two things. First, no sport at all, or, secondly, something new. I cannot recommend Senegambia as a good spot for anyone to go to without special information, as neither the French nor the natives know anything, and as the animals migrate hundreds of miles, one might easily find nothing at all. Another time I feel sure I could do better if I merely did a trip amounting to three months away from England and should add elephant in the list. Among the other beasts I got were hippo, of which I could have shot dozens, but actually shot one; reedbuck, which is very like the East African one; oribi; red-flanked and West African duiker. Lions are to be had, but are not common. Elephants were very numerous in one locality, especially where a certain sort of palm grew which has a fruit like a coconut containing a large stone surrounded by yellow fibrous pulp and has the flavour of pineapple. The damage the animals do is tremendous. My hunter one day showed me a tree quite 2ft. 9in. in diameter, which had been knocked down by elephants. There could be no doubt about his accuracy, as the tracks were very visible, and he showed me how some had trampled the earth all round to loosen the roots and then leaned against it, while another pulled. Their object was to get the young leaves at the top.

F. RUSSELL ROBERTS.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THERE is nobody alive who is more sure of an attentive hearing when writing on French literature than Mme. Duclaux, who, perhaps, is better known in her native country as A. Mary F. Robinson, the name under which she first established her claim to be considered as a poet. In *The French Procession: A Pageant of Great Writers* (T. Fisher Unwin), we have an opportunity of learning about Mme. Duclaux's likes and dislikes in poetry. Out of the great literature of France she has selected a few congenial subjects and dealt with them—how, is explained in the prefatory letter to Miss Vernon Lee, to whom the book is dedicated. This letter is in itself a very interesting document. It gives a charming picture of the girlhood of two writers who have attained fame by very different methods:

In those days we read together "La Bible de l'Humanité" and drank the prose of Michelet as though it were a sacred wine. Books, then, were a rich elixir, to be taken kneeling from the chalice; whose absorption exalted and transformed us, in a vivifying glow; great authors were divinities to imitate and worship; and literature a Holy Communion of the mind. How different to-day is our attitude towards letters! How detached, how objective, and yet how far more intimately curious!

It was a poetic idea to imagine the literature of a great nation as a spectacle, a progress, a pageant, wherein every figure is not only a marvel in itself but the embodiment of a whole invisible plexus of secret influences, ideas, traditions and revolts.

It is a pageant in which no individual figure stands by itself. One epoch of literature is the heir to its forerunners, and there is no writer who does not owe something to those who have preceded him. Mme. Duclaux has not hesitated to set herself against general critical opinion in England. Especially is this noticeable in her essay on her favourite Racine. She says we are apt to be disconcerted by his "still perfection," but the application of Arnold's test does not to our mind yield the results that Mme. Duclaux claims for it. She takes two passages which Arnold loved for their accent of high beauty and charm. One is Hamlet's

Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story—

and the other Dante's

In la sua voluntade è nostra pace.

Arnold recommended the student to keep such passages in mind and to use them as a standard to detect the highest quality in poetry. Following that instruction Mme. Duclaux quotes for us lines from Racine which she says "support their glorious contact." It will be best to quote her exact words:

What a world of amorous weariness is in that sigh of the faithful Antiochus, the hopeless lover of Bérénice—

"Dans l'Orient desert, quel devint mon ennui!"

and how exquisite a transparency in the indignant cry of Hippolyte, accused unjustly—

"Le jour n'est pas plus pur que le fond de mon cœur."

Each word is fresh, pure, single, as a drop of dew. No less do I admire the baste, the pomp, and splendour of such a picture as this (three lines with one adjective)—

"Ces flambeaux, ces bûcher, cette nuit enflammée,
Ces aigles, ces faisceaux, ce peuple, cette armée,
Cette foule de rois, ces consuls, ce sénat."

On a question like this it would be idle to dogmatise; but compared to the organ-notes of great literature these appear to be as only the pipings of a thrush. We cannot understand how the stately utterance of Dante, with its understanding of human unrest, its mystery and consolation, is to be compared with such a line as "Le jour n'est pas plus pur que le fond de mon cœur." No doubt Mme. Duclaux is right in saying each word is "fresh, pure, single as a drop of dew"; but these qualities do not constitute greatness; they are "contained" in the lines quoted by Arnold wherein the language is invariably the inevitable, the best, and used to clothe a thought with a universal appeal, while that of Racine is purely individual. Such a study as this by Mme. Duclaux, however, cannot fail to enlarge the sympathies even of those with whom Racine is not and never can be a favourite. The chief characteristic of these essays of Mme. Duclaux lies in the sympathetic understanding of the subject of her study. There is no one in the book whom we do not know and like better after reading what she has to say. Other critics may pick out the weak points of the writer and emphasise them, but Mme. Duclaux is ever on the look-out for merit. Victor Hugo and Sainte-Beuve are cases in point, and the most triumphant is the study of George Sand, the romantic. We do not know of anyone who has grasped the inmost mind of George Sand, and placed it so attractively and convincingly before their readers. In the parable which she relates of shell-fish in the Natural History Museum in Paris she shows exactly what had been accomplished. The shell-fish is suffering from a curious and mortal disease, yet the result "is not a cancer, but a pearl." She brings it forward to show that the passion which broke the heart of Musset and completed the education of George Sand produced great works on the part of both of them. Musset himself only saw in her a pretty woman of the demi-monde, the mother of two legitimate children with two illegitimate lovers in the background. But this was a superficial view. She was, as Mme. Duclaux says, "a woman with an ideal of pride and honour, self-righteous malgré tout." On no other ground can we understand how the "misguided and passionate young woman of Venice" could have "developed at last into the kindest, wisest, and most lovable old woman in France." When she died all had been forgiven her—*quia multum amavit*.

Another excellent example of this power of causing the best of a writer to emerge from what to the outsider appears to be a sorry and squalid history is the study of Beaudelaire. If we remember only that he is an absurd person who owned himself "incapable of melting into tears over vegetables" and avowed his contempt for "des légumes sanctifiés," we might join willingly in Carlyle's harsh verdict. But Mme. Duclaux says: with all his faults from his fortieth year onwards Baudelaire became a person whom it is possible to love. He had achieved humanity. He showed himself indeed generous in his dealings with the black tormentress whom he fled to Brussels mainly to escape. The fugitive and ruined poet, however poor, never failed in liberality towards the squalid negress who had helped to bring him so low. There was a broadening and sweetening of his wilful nature.

This is charity enlightened by insight. We might linger over the essay on Anatole France and many others which point the same moral; but the reader will do well to explore the territory for himself. He will find that he is in excellent company. Mme. Duclaux has an acquaintance with French

literature that is, perhaps, unparalleled. She is of a wide, curious and watching mind, and there is no corner into which she takes the reader without it being illuminated by the visit. The pictures for the volume are chosen with great care and taste. There is a reproduction of the noble portrait of Racine painted by Santerre, and there is a clever and altogether delightful photograph of Anatole France by Paul Boyer; the one at the beginning and the other at the end of the volume.

RABIES AMONG WILD ANIMALS.

The Frontiers of Baluchistan, by G. P. Tate. (London: Witherby and Co.)

MR. TATE'S book on the frontiers of Baluchistan has a preface by Sir A. Henry McMahon, who was head of the Baluch-Afghan Boundary Commission, of which Mr. Tate was Survey Officer. It would take a long time to examine the vast number of new facts which are brought together here; but students of natural history will be particularly interested in the account given of the mischief done by jackals and wolves which had caught hydrophobia in the wild. The first case was that of a man who had been bitten in the face by a jackal while he lay asleep in the bivouac where the transport drivers were in camp with their animals. Rabies had broken out among the wild animals early in the winter, and this was the first evidence of it brought to the notice of the expedition. Mr. Tate proceeded to the place where the unfortunate man had been bitten, and that very evening as he was sitting at tea a sudden commotion arose owing to a rabid jackal having entered the courtyard of one of the dwellings. The woman to whom the house belonged had a narrow escape, for she would undoubtedly have been bitten had not the animal's attention been attracted towards a large white cock, which he turned aside to worry. On another occasion one of the brutes came right up to the author and gibbered at him. He tells a vivid tale, too, of the visit of a wolf in the darkness, when with their swords drawn the men stood on their defence. Mr. Tate says: "It was barely possible to hear or see anything, and they were practically at the mercy of the frantic beast, which rushed backwards and forwards biting everything that it could reach until daybreak, when it made off." This wolf was found in the morning to have bitten seventy-eight camels, as well as dogs and goats. The signs of rabies in a camel are particularly distressing. "They used to tear their own limbs and bodies, and as they were isolated they had no opportunities of biting other camels." This wolf was eventually shot. It had entered a Baluch encampment, torn the face of a sleeping man, and bitten a second in the arm before it was shot at close quarters by a third man. Some of the natives gave very extraordinary reasons for the outbreak of rabies, the popular theory being that it was caused by the wild beasts eating dead larks. After the scare about the wolf had subsided a horse developed rabies and had to be destroyed. The question of eliminating this terrible disease from the wilds is one that might very well engage the attention of our men of science.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.

The Tilda, by A. T. Quiller-Couch ("Q."). (Arrowsmith.) This charming tale proves beyond a doubt that in the weaving of a romantic story, "Q.'s" experienced hand has lost none of its cunning. From the first chapter, when Tilda leaves the hospital, where she has been laid up with a hip injured in the service of a travelling circus-owner, to seek for Arthur Miles, surname Chandon, until the last, where we take leave of an elegant young lady about to make a very happy marriage, the story is pure delight. The various hair-breadth escapes of Tilda and her charge, their flight from the 'Oly Innercents (a dubious orphanage) and subsequent adventures on the Success to Commerce barge, under the charge of Sam Bossom, no mean poet; their sojourning with the Fat Lady, Mrs. Lobb; voyage with the American artist and eventual arrival at the *Island*, are all incidents which have the true romantic glamour. This book should not be missed.

Seymour Charlton, by W. B. Maxwell. (Hutchinson.) Much of Miss Braddon's skill as a weaver of plots has descended to her son. Mr. Maxwell's long new novel never once flags in its interest. The story is very highly coloured, and its author revels in the magnificence and the wealth of the "upper ten"; there are pages which will cause many Brontë hearts to flutter and the doors of the circulating library at Tooting Bec to be besieged. But although the tone of the book is as hopelessly overpitched as the ordinary melodrama of commerce, there is enough observation and skilful character-drawing in it, combined with technical skill in the development of the plot, to make one wish that Mr. Maxwell would turn his art to worthier uses.

The Patience of John Morland, by Mary Dillon. (Eveleigh Nash.) In the preface of this book the author frankly owns that her story is a *roman à clef*; in doing so she claims the right to follow Mrs. Humphry Ward's "illustrious example" and that of the writers "of a long line of equally glorious historical tales." We then get a list of the "people of the story" in which the various characters are neatly labelled, so that the reader may know what to expect. Thus: "Harold Montclair, coxcomb, cad and coward," and "Mrs. McCabe, Kitty's mother, a gentlewoman born and bred." The ground is still further cleared by the illustrations, which leave us in no pleasant uncertainty about the heroine's appearance. We find it difficult, it must be confessed, to believe that she can have been as plain as she is painted. Readers with a sense of the ridiculous will get a certain amount of amusement out of this book.

The Cords of Unity, by James Branch Cabell. (Hutchinson.) These amorous adventures of a young American of good family and engaging manners make excellent reading. A large amount of observation and some real feeling underlie the frivolous tone of the book; while the various girls of different names, ages and temperaments with whom the hero falls in and out of love are skilfully described. Stella, in the description of whose death and what came of it a deeper and more disturbing note is struck, is particularly well drawn. In the end Robert Townsend marries his best friend, Bettie Hamlyn, who has looked after him as well as she could throughout all his follies and extravagances. Both Bettie and Stella are live characters, in whom it is easy to be interested.

The Bride, by Grace Rhys. (Methuen.) Much excellent characterisation has been put into this story by Miss Rhys, with the result that it takes firmer hold of one's attention than many a novel with a more exciting plot. Esther Carey, daughter of a drunken and worthless father and reduced to penury by his death, is a fine, brave girl, and the pluck with which she faces adverse circumstances, the insults of her relatives and the snobbish selfishness of her fiancée, Maurice Mansfield, endears her to the reader at once. The strength of character and the slight bitterness induced by her troubles makes her a difficult problem for her masterful lover when he eventually appears on the scene. He does succeed in mastering her, however, and Esther's troubles and unhappiness presently come to an end when she becomes John Armstrong's bride. The situations are not complicated; but the people in the book give an admirable impression of reality.

Toil of Men, by Israel Querido. (Methuen.) The author of this book is an apostle of Naturalism, and in it are shown the strong points and the defects of this school. It has sincerity, undoubted power, relentless observation; and in parts a sordid, unrelieved brutality. We found the descriptions of the Kennis interesting if unpleasant.

BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

- Actions and Reactions, by Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan.)
- Ann Veronica, by H. G. Wells. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
- The Column of Dust, by Evelyn Underhill. (Methuen.)
- The Conquest of the Air, by Alphonse Berget. (Heinemann.)
- The First Round, by St. John Lucas. (Methuen.)
- Diamond Cut Paste, by Agnes and Egerton Castle. (John Murray.)
- The French Procession, by Mme. Mary Duclaux. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
- The Golden Treasury of Australian Verse, edited by Bertram Stevens. (Macmillan.)

[A LIST OF NEW BOOKS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE xlvi.]

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT AUTUMN MEETING.

AT the moment of writing it remains to be seen what scores will be made in the actual play at the forthcoming autumn medal meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club; but, judging by the scores recorded in matches during the previous week, something wonderful looks as if it might be achieved if the weather favours. Figures in the neighbourhood of an average of fours have been as plentiful as blackberries. Mr. Edward Blackwell and I went out to give Mr. Rex Hargreaves two holes up, as a start, and the latter was out in the rather terrifying score of 33. In the end, Mr. Blackwell just got home on him, which I badly failed to do; but then Mr. Blackwell himself was round in 74, with a five at one of the short holes and a four at the other—both easy threes. It is reported that Mr. John Ball and Mr. Graham are both coming for the medal, and there will be Mr. Maxwell, Captain Hutchison and all the usual warriors, so the battle ought to be a fine one. Still, it is wonderful what terrors are inspired by the card and pencil, and the course will be at full stretch.

THE "EVENING TIMES" TROPHY.

The foursome tournament for the *Glasgow Evening Times* trophy is a capital institution, and it is rather a pity that there is nothing quite like it on this side of the Border. The nearest approach to it here is the London

Foursomes Competition; but the Scottish tournament has this great advantage, that it is played straight away to a finish, so that the interest grows steadily till it culminates in the final, whereas the London Foursomes drag on wearily from week to week, with the result that the final match generally attracts a gallery of two men and a boy. There was a fine entry at Prestwick St. Nicholas; but out of all the large field the local champions, Mr. Robert Andrew and Mr. Gordon Lockhart, must have been strong favourites from the start. Mr. Andrew is a really grand player and on his own course should be very nearly invincible, while Mr. Lockhart on his day is one of the most terrifying drivers in existence. This pair ultimately won, but not without some agitating moments. They pulled through at the last hole against Mr. D. G. Mackenzie and Mr. White, a very good pair, after being two down on the way out. Then they had some very easy victories, beating among others the evergreen Mr. John Brothers and Mr. Kerr, who represented Dirleton Castle. In the final against their near neighbours, the Troon Ailsa pair, they only managed to win after three extra holes had been played. Mr. Shannon and Mr. MacInnes, the Troon pair, are no doubt well known in their own country, but beyond that their fame was hitherto unknown: yet they are clearly both very good players. Scotland, indeed, teems with fine golfers, who lack only the opportunity to acquire great reputations. What would happen if England were to play Scotland a hundred a side? The result is too humiliating to contemplate.

THE PROFESSIONALS.

Great is John Rowe of Ashdown Forest! Only the other day he went round his home course in the ridiculous score of 66, despite the fact that the course is practically two strokes longer than it used to be. Now he has just won the Sussex professional competition for the second year running, and won it, too, very handsomely, being easily first in the stroke play and not being at all seriously pressed in his matches. Rowe qualified in the arduous Southern Section for the *News of the World* tournament, and should do well at Walton Heath next week if he can reproduce his present form. He is a better player than he has ever yet shown himself to be on any really big occasion, save in 1899, when he ran through into the final of a big tournament at Mid-Surrey, to fall before the then all-conquering Harry Vardon. Almost simultaneously with the Sussex meeting the professionals of Wales were competing to see who should be the one lucky man to play at Walton Heath. He proved to be Ross, an old St. Andrews player, who has qualified several times before. Ross only won after a tie with an assistant from Portcawl called Johns, apparently a good golfing name, and in order to win the tie he had to do a two at the last hole played; to finish with a two is a capital plan, and it was thus that Willie Fernie won his open championship from the great Bob Ferguson. Finally, Braid has taken a most thorough-going revenge on Taylor for beating him at Honor Oak. On the Medway course near Rochester last Saturday the tables were turned with a vengeance, and Braid won the stroke contest by no less than fourteen strokes, and won a match, too, very comfortably. These matches between the champions would be more interesting if one had a clearer idea of the merits of the courses on which they are played.

GOLF COURSES AND THE BUDGET BILL.

Golf clubs have every reason to be satisfied with the answer given by Mr. Lloyd-George to the questions put before him by Mr. Lacey, the secretary of the M.C.C., and others. Many thanks are due to Mr. Lacey and his colleagues for the assiduity with which they have placed before the Chancellor of the Exchequer the claim of the open spaces used for games, and bringing in no dividend, to be free from the periodic tax of the unearned increment. The assurance that they shall be free of the tax so long as a reasonable expectation can be shown that they will remain non-dividend-paying, and will be used for purposes of recreation and exercise only, is probably as much as could be looked for from a Minister in charge of a Budget.

CARE OF THE CADDIES.

The caddies can surely complain no longer that they are a neglected people or that they are being left as a class to drift into the ranks of the casually employed. This may still be the case in places; but the tendency is marked for the authorities to busy themselves about the future of the boys who are employed to carry clubs in the interval between passing their standards and attaining the age at which a youth in their class generally enters on a regular trade. Some of the clubs are starting schools for the caddies in which such technical instruction is given as will fit the boys for the trades which their parents wish them eventually to take up. We should like to point out the good initiative shown by the Croydon educational authorities in helping the Purley Golf Club to solve what has been styled "the caddie question." The Education Committee in Croydon have approved a scheme providing that the caddies shall be instructed at the Croydon Central Polytechnic in such branches as the parents may select for them. The estimated cost for each caddie is only £10s. 9d., and the chairman of the Technical Committee has expressed his willingness to co-operate with other clubs in the district similarly, and to supply details of the scheme to any club in the kingdom.

CHANGE IN NORTH BERWICK COURSE.

A slight change, which will make more than a slight improvement, is projected in the course at North Berwick in those new holes which have comparatively lately been added beyond the Eel Burn. Their present fault is that they are too often of the uninteresting drive and pitch length. Again and again this length is repeated, until it begins to pall more than a little. The project, which is already in course of realisation, is to do away with one of these drives and pitches by lengthening the present tenth hole so that its green shall be a little way on the far side of the bunker which catches a topped tee shot to the present eleventh hole. The high ground immediately

beyond the bunker is being lowered, so that it will become possible to see the flag, and not the flag only, but its stick right down to the ground, as you approach the hole. For the eleventh, the tee will be taken in towards the bents on the left of the present line of play; that is to say, that it will be made to the north of the new tenth green, and the idea is to place it so that the eleventh will then become a single full-drive hole. Both the new holes, in their kind, ought to be very fine ones, and will replace two indifferent holes.

CADER ELECTRIFIED.

Anyone who has ever been to Aberdovey retains vivid recollections of the fourth hole, generally known as "Cader." It is a one-shot hole, requiring, as its name implies, that the ball should be played over a mountain of sand. In these days, when the glory of the Maiden and Hades is almost wholly departed, one hesitates to affirm that any such blind hole is a good one, but it is at any rate safe to assert that few are better than Cader; the green is not a vast prairie, as at the Maiden, but is comparatively small—it was once diabolically so—and entirely ringed round with sand and bents. Cader has now become part of golfing history, as appears from a photograph in *Golf Illustrated*, since it is the first hole to be fitted with an electric bell. This ingenious device is meant to protect those putting on the green from being murderously driven into from behind. The parties in front on leaving the green apparently press a button and a bell rings on the tee to inform the next couple that they may drive. The device must certainly save those who

carry their own clubs, and still more the players that immediately precede them, from considerable anxiety. Those who have caddies, of course, send them on to the top of the mountain to watch in the usual way. All who played much at Aberdovey in old days have heard with joy the cry of the little Welsh caddies—"On the green"—though it was not, apart from its import, a cheerful cry, but rather what Stevenson would have called "an infinite melancholy piping." In these degenerate days, however, the caddies call no more from the hilltop, but have learned the dull, orthodox signal with the hand, which announces that all is well.

CANES AS FLAG-STICKS.

They are trying at St. Andrews some new flagsticks, of cane, which have certain merits. The sticks are painted black, that they may be better seen against the ground. The great point of these canes is their lightness, so that if they are carelessly thrown down by people carrying their own clubs they do not cut rents in the turf of the putting green, as used to happen often with the heavy and sharp-pointed iron rods. It was, indeed, on this account primarily that the irons were discarded in favour of the canes. There is one disadvantage to them, however, that when the ball strikes them it stops almost dead, and does not jump

away as it does from the iron rods, and thus the luck of hitting the pin is much greater than when the irons are used. But the resilience of the irons had its possible hardships too, as was proved by the strange case of the unfortunate man who hit the pin with his second shot to the first hole on the medal day and rebounded into the burn—a truly wonderful occurrence.

MR. STEPHEN WINKWORTH.

Mr. Winkworth has many claims to fame, but first and foremost he is, as far as is known, the only exponent in the world of his peculiar and demoniacally effective method of putting. Though his style is sufficiently peculiar, his club is the ordinary putting cleek, conforming in every way with the traditional form and make of golf clubs, and so he has hitherto escaped the attentions of the Rules of Golf Committee. As may be seen from the picture, Mr. Winkworth stands directly facing the hole, the ball between his feet. From this position, which certainly affords the player an unrivalled sight of the line, he hits the ball—generally into the hole—with a back-handed stroke of the left hand. There are few if any better holers out to be found anywhere, and it is not improbable that many a golfer, suffering the agonies of a bad putting spell, would do better if he had the pluck to imitate Mr. Winkworth's attitude. It is to be observed, however, that Mr. Winkworth is left-handed, and an ordinary right-handed person has not a sufficiently strong left wrist to imitate his method exactly; he must reverse the process and putt right-handed with a left-hand club. Mr. Winkworth carries his back-handed policy to extremes and in certain moods plays his



MR. STEPHEN WINKWORTH.

short approaches in his putting style, but there it would hardly be wise to follow him. His long game is accurate rather than powerful, and it always appears as if the innate modesty, which convinces him that he is a short

driver, prevents his hitting as hard as he easily and usefully might. He is a man of many clubs, Walton Heath, Woking and Romford among others, and has also earned some fame as a tennis player.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WEST HIGHLAND TERRIERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I purchased about twenty-four years ago in Skye two or three little short-coated terriers, sold to me as "short-haired Skyes." One was a drop-eared dog, one had semi-erect ears and one prick ears. I bred and sold several, and as people liked the prick-eared ones, I bred them as far as I could with prick ears. I found that several people knew the breed, and when I sent a photograph of two and an Irish wolfhound eight years ago to COUNTRY LIFE I got many answers and letters about them. I found it difficult to get an outcross, and I was delighted when going over Harrogate Dog Show last year to see three little dogs shown similar to my own. I found they belonged to Mrs. Alastair Campbell, and on comparing notes we found they had originally come from the same kennel in Skye, and were of the old Drynoch breed. As for over 200 years they have been called Skyes in the island, I hope that the name will be retained if a club is formed. West Highland Skye would suit admirably, and could not hurt the feelings of the owners of the modern show Skyes. The short-coated Skyes are all colours, but the colour I try to breed is cream with dark muzzle and ears. The breeders of these dogs must be very thankful to Mrs. A. Campbell of Ardriishaig for all the trouble she has taken over this ancient breed of terriers, though I notice some writer in a kennel newspaper was rude enough to say she ought to call them "Campbell terriers," as they had no trace of pure Skye in them. Of course, this only shows people's ignorance. I believe they are the oldest breed of any Scotch dogs, and I think have been used to form both the Skyes and the Scottish show terriers of the day.—M. C. HAWKES.

A RARE DUCK IN SUSSEX.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As the ferruginous duck (*Fuligula nyroca*), or white-eyed pochard, is never anything but a rare and irregular visit to Great Britain, some account of three which I watched for nearly the whole afternoon of March 20th, 1908, on a North Sussex mill-pond, may be acceptable to readers of COUNTRY LIFE. As a prelude, no more than fifty specimens (if that) have ever been authenticated from Britain. Of these, Sussex can claim eight. Mr. Borrer ("Birds of Sussex," 1891, page 352) records two. Then Mr. Bates, the Eastbourne taxidermist, tells me of three more obtained near that town on August 15th, 1901. Finally, there is the trio I saw. Approaching the pond, which is about one-third of a mile in length by about 200 yards broad, I at once perceived three smallish ducks consorting with coots, fairly close to the bank and about halfway up the stretch. They were then too far off to determine with the naked eye. But, "glassing" them, I at once saw that they were ferruginous ducks—drake and two ducks—readily recognised by their dark upper plumage, chestnut head, white eyes and snowy "speculum." They rose about 70 yards off, then flew up the pond at a fairly low elevation for some 150 yards, returned, and, flying lower still for a somewhat similar distance, settled on the water. They liked best to hug the middle of the broadest part, where the bank on either side was bare. They constantly dived very skilfully, and they swam fast and easily. Periodically, one, in the act of scratching itself, would turn almost completely on to its back, exhibiting its ruddy chestnut stomach and white belly; or, rising straight upon end, would flap its wings vigorously. No animosity was shown by them to the coots, or vice versa; nor did they consort with the mallards, at the time the only other species of duck on the pond. On the wing their flight was very clean and rapid, little whirring of pinions, save a faint "whish" being apparent. On flight the body looks thick and oval, the legs are held straight out under the tail, the neck is fairly thick and the head chubby.—JOHN WALPOLE-BOND.

REARING YOUNG BULLFINCHES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The five young bullfinches and their home arrived in a bicycle hamper. Five half-fledged bullfinches, four days old, stretched up wide open red throats—voiceless with babyhood—and fluttered miniature pinion feathers. The general verdict was, too young to be reared. But no, my friend the old keeper's advice had been, "Take them afore they have learnt to be afraid, when they will open their nebs at most things. Don't mind old 'uns, take the whole lot or they will pine after one another. Mind and keep 'em warm, more especially their feet. Yolk of an egg, bread sodden in water and squeezed and boiled rape seed—no finer food for a young bird. Give this every two hours, then let 'em bide quiet and covered up." The result was success. For never was there such a greedy family. Open bills still asked for more from the rounded end of the quill after their crops were as round as a marble. Their first chirp was like the squeak of a mouse behind the wainscoting; but this soon became loud and persistent as mealtime drew near. It was astonishing how quickly feathers took the place of fluff and how pert little fan-shaped tails appeared, but more astonishing yet was the first "fly." The nest was being renewed, when I heard a fluttering, a clinging of claws and a startled call, and looked round to find my friend on the window-sill. Frightened though proud, he was carried back to the basket and at once nestled down to sleep off the effects of his flight "across the channel." Within the next two days the family had all attempted flying, including backward Jemima. She was the weakling and always behindhand. Ready for food when the others had finished, last to feather, last to fly and the first to complain. Long after her brothers and sister had discovered the fascination of perching, head under wing, she still remained a humped-up ball of feathers at the bottom of the cage. Her ideas of pecking were very vague, and if the quill would not feed her, her shrieking voice and wide-open bill would demand that one of the others should supply her wants. But the

spoilt baby's shacks and shrieks brought nothing to her. Luckily the art of self-feeding, once learnt, was never forgotten. At the end of three weeks canary and rape seed took the place of the soft food. There are great charms about hand-reared bullfinches, and they cannot be treated as ordinary cage-birds. One has to be a slave to the result of one's teaching. The cage door was shown them and the way out was easily learnt, and from such a small beginning hours were wasted. By hanging on to the bars, by beseeching voices, by quivering wings they pleaded for the open door. Without a moment's hesitation they had flashed from the cage, and the eye caught sight of the white patch at the root of the tail, the quick opening and shutting of wings, a whirling sound as of an electric fan, in this, their first wild circle round the room. Perched on pictures, the strength of the cord or the quality of the gilding was tested by nibbles, or they did housemaid's work and collected cotton and mixed ends from the floor. They sat on one's shoulders and coaxed extra minutes of freedom from one. Their activity and fun was at its highest point when I was getting up. Sunday morning infuriated them, as dressing-time was an hour later. After having raced and chased each other from floor to curtain rod, they made for the dressing-table. Every hairpin examined was dropped over on to the floor; the pin-cushion was cleared of all its black-headed pins, and any stray fringe-net was purloined on their claws. But this activity ceased after the bath in the hand-basin was over. Five draggled, dejected persons hid themselves under the sofa valance, and uttered no protest at being re-captured. But five bullfinches are too many. One by one I sadly part from them; little Jemima went first, and big Claus—the family bully—followed next. Now I hardly know whether to keep little Claus, so small and active and self-assertive, or Plain Jane—she has most endearing manners, but no looks—or sweet, bold Nansen, explorer of the northern extremities of cornice and picture rail. At the present moment he is sitting on the paper, biting at my quill pen, calling for attention and a hemp seed.—EVELYN WHITEHEAD.

FEEDING A CUCKOO.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see your correspondent Mr. Lodge is doubtful how to feed his tame cuckoo through the winter. As I reared a cuckoo from the nest and kept it in captivity for a year, perhaps it may help Mr. Lodge to know how I fed it. I gave it dry bread and boiled potato, thoroughly mixed up with a soft-billed birds' food prepared by Mr. Arthur of Melksham. In addition, the cuckoo was given seven mealworms a day, and these, I think, were the most important part of the diet. The bird lived in perfect health and tameness for a year. When the insect food became abundant, in the beginning of May, I gave it its liberty.—MARGARET SPICER.

WOODLAND AND LAWN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As I see lately many people recommending the planting of the white poplar, undoubtedly a picturesque tree, I cannot forbear a caution from my own experience, that it is very poisonous to any vegetation near it. Whether in a wild copse with merely furze underneath or in more cultivated ground, no shrub does well. I believe it is more the leaves than the roots which are destructive, but have looked in many garden books and publications of various kinds and never found this difficulty suggested. Also COUNTRY LIFE lately gave advice on the making of new lawns and their cost, but when giving "seed" as desirable, counted the cost of that only; whereas good deep digging and heavy manuring, which is absolutely necessary, and the most careful weeding for some time after, cost as much again as the seed alone, to say nothing of the difficulty of persuading a modern gardener to mow it at first with a scythe, his muscles being out of training in the old-fashioned art. The mowing this way does not damage young grass as much as the machines. Garden recipes, like cooking ones, I often find leave out some common essential unknown to the amateur.—ANON.

THE TREATMENT OF WASPS' STINGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been very much interested by the various articles and letters which have appeared in COUNTRY LIFE from time to time on the subject of wasp stings, and have noted the diversity of opinions expressed on the subject. The general impression seems to be that, although painful, a wasp sting is not dangerous. On Saturday last, however, I read in a Scottish newspaper an account of a young lady who was stung by a wasp on her finger, and through a glove, and died shortly afterwards from the effects. It seems, therefore, that although some persons can be stung with impunity, as gardeners often are when gathering fruit, in other cases the effect is more serious. This case shows how important it is to disseminate the results and treatment of stings.—M.

PERTINACITY OF WEASELS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps you may think the following little story, illustrative of the well-known courage and pertinacity of the weasel, worth publication. I was seated, sketching, in a rock garden in Scotland. In the foreground, about 100 yards from me, was a round artificial pond. The gravel walk led round it and went out of sight to my right immediately it began to bend to encircle the pond. As I sat, I heard a great squeaking, which seemed to come from the bit of path just round the crag of rock. In a few moments a weasel

came round the corner, carrying in its mouth a vole—no doubt the squeaker of a moment before, but now with no squeak left. The weasel was so startled at suddenly seeing me that it leapt to one side, regardless of direction, and floundered over the edge of the pond. Still, though startled, it was not dismayed either by my apparition or by its unexpected immersion. To my surprise, instead of scrambling out at the place where it fell in, it swam right across the five or six yards or so of the pond, never quitting its hold of the vole, which it took with it, went out of the pond on the far side and made off with its prey.—D. M. H.

AN AGED NEWT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—I beg to enclose a photograph by Messrs. Gibson and Co., of Gateshead-on-Tyne, of a newt caught by the writer thirty-two years ago, and



A NEWT CAUGHT THIRTY-TWO YEARS AGO.

which is alive and well to-day. I thought it might interest those readers of COUNTRY LIFE who are interested in natural history.—P. PAYNE.

FAGRANT ROSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—I was much interested in Mr. Woodall's article on "Fragrant Roses" in COUNTRY LIFE of August 28th, page 300, and I hope hybridists will give greater heed to the great charm of the rose fragrance. It may seem strange that such a precious attribute should be lost sight of at all, but one reason is the exalting of the purely exhibition flower, which, beautiful and faultless though it may be in form, frequently is as scentless as a wisp of straw. Baroness Rothschild, exquisite in its form and pink colouring, Frau Karl Druschki and others that could be named, are absolutely devoid of even a suspicion of perfume. Mr. Woodall rightly says: "Do let us make a stir and induce Rose-raisers to give us more scent in their new Roses now that we have good habit and freedom of bloom in so many new varieties." I do not wish for one moment to detract from the beautiful work that the rose hybridist has accomplished and is accomplishing; but we have awakened to a sense of something wanting in our novelties—we smell them, but their manifest attractiveness is forgotten when one becomes aware that no sweet perfume is distilled from the dainty petals. Size, breadth of bloom, freedom, vigour of growth and beauty of colouring are not everything. The sweetest-scented rose has the most friends, and we turn with relief from those without fragrance to the sweet briar that has been planted near the gate to perfume the threshold of the home. Many of the roses treasured by our forbears are deliciously scented, and the so-called "cabbage" rose will occur to mind. Writing of the sweet briar reminds me of the great work of the late Lord Penzance in obtaining hybrid briars with fragrance of leaf almost as pronounced as that of the species itself. A garden filled with the perfume of roses on a drowsy summer evening is a garden in the fullest meaning, and the most expensive hybrids or varieties are frequently those that have no smell whatever. The same remarks apply to carnations and other flowers. I wish those responsible for flower shows, and those of the rose in particular, would establish classes for the varieties that possess the strongest and sweetest fragrance. Besides the kinds mentioned by your correspondent, the following should be included in the list: Aimée Vibert, A. K. Williams, Alfred Colomb, Augustine Guinoiseau, General Jacqueminot, Gloire de Dijon, G. Nabonnand, Gruss an Teplitz, La France, Mme. Abel Chatenay, Maréchal Niel, Marie Baumann, Marie Van Houtte, Marquise Litta, Mrs. Bosanquet, Paul's Carmine Pillar, Prince Arthur, Prince Camille de Rohan, the Musk Rose (*Rosa moschata*), Stanwell Perpetual (one of the Scotch roses and undeservedly neglected), Viscountess Folkestone, Mme. Ravary, La Tosca, Conrad F. Meyer, the Japanese rose (Blanc double de Coubert), Bouquet d'Or (one of the "Dijon" race), Caroline Testout, the Moss, Farbenkönigin, George Laing Paul, Grossherzog Friedrich, Hermann Coenraad, Hugo Roller, Juliet (one of the most recent roses), Lady Battersea,

Liberty, Louis Van Houtte, Mme. Plantier, Maiden's Blush (also known as Celestial), Mrs. Anthony Waterer, Nellie Johnstone, Souvenir de S. A. Prince, Sultan of Zanzibar, W. E. Lippiatt, Waltham Climber No. 2 and Zéphérin Drouhin. This list is not, of course, complete, and perhaps some other rosarian can add to it.—E. T. COOK.

AN INCONSTANT BEE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—The idea that the bee visits only one kind of flower on a single journey is as old as the days of Aristotle, who wrote: "During each flight the Bee does not settle upon flowers of different kinds, but flies, as it were, from violet to violet, and touches no other species till it returns to the hive." It is only just to the great Greek writer to suggest that he probably had in mind only the hive bee, which, as a matter of fact, is much more constant than many species of wild bee. Modern writers, however, have understood it of the bee in general. Thus Darwin writes: "All kinds of bees and certain other insects usually visit the flowers of the same species as long as they can before going to another species." And Lord Avebury states that: "It is a remarkable fact that in most cases Bees confine themselves in each journey to a single species of plant." And, as a matter of fact, constant bees are of the utmost importance to the theory that we owe certain flowers to their selective action. Thus any record of the actual doings of these insects is of interest and importance. In this field ready for the mowing-machine the soft purple shades of the flowering grasses are diversified by the brighter hues of many blossoms. A small bee, a worker of some species of humble bee, is busy on the yellow flowers of bird's-foot trefoil. From this it goes to a head of red clover and then visits eight heads of white. Now it is on the purple flower-head of knapweed, after which it takes two more heads of white clover. From this it goes to the blue flowers of self-heal (*prunella*), visiting two heads, and then to red clover. Having sucked several flowers on a head, it makes nine visits to white, then two to red and then again seven to white. Lastly it alights on the blue self-heal, and on leaving this it is lost to view. In these few minutes, only a part, probably, of the complete journey, it has visited five different species of flowers belonging to three widely distinct orders. An exceptional case perhaps? And yet we imagine it is fairly common with many kinds of bee under similar conditions. The reason why it appears an extreme case and does not occur more frequently in the records of those who watch the bees at work is illustrated by the second bee we try to follow. We see it first on a knapweed flower, from which it goes to self-heal. We keep it in view while it visits three heads of this, and then lose it. Watching another in the hedge bank we see it go from the pink flower of Herb Robert to the white of the wild strawberry, and then disappear. Under certain conditions, on the other hand, the bee doubtless visits only one kind of flower in a single journey. This is probably the case when they are among the heather on the moors, or the lime trees in July, or among the blossoms of the orchards in May.—G. W. BULMAN.

THE BULB-PLANTING SEASON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—As it is now the time for planting bulbs, I should be glad if any of your readers could tell me what has happened to those I planted last year, as they have not yet appeared. They consisted of chionodoxas, snowdrops and crocuses, which I massed in the grass on the margin of a pond. I am aware that mice are very fond of crocus bulbs, but did not know that they would touch anything else.—A. S.

SEA ROCKET IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—I am forwarding with this letter a photograph of sea rocket taken by the beacons on the Northumbrian Coast opposite Holy Island. I shall be much interested to know whether sea rocket would grow in an ordinary garden, for it is most beautiful both in flower and scent. I have never heard



SEA ROCKET ON THE NORTHUMBRIAN COAST.

of it growing in a garden; probably it will only grow in such great wastes of sand as are to be found on this coast. I shall appreciate any information you can give me as to this plant.—E. H.

A CEYLON MOTH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph, which I took from life, of *Actias Selene* (the moon moth), the most scarce of the three species of silk moths found wild in Ceylon. The photograph is nearly natural size. The colour of the moth is pale green, the body is white, with a slight tinge of pink on the tails of the under wings, and a bar of reddish violet across the thorax and top edges of the upper wings. I reared the moth in a warm greenhouse from its cocoon; the insect emerged a few mornings ago. I hope this picture will be of interest to some of the readers of COUNTRY LIFE.—G. A. MARTIN.

BUMBLE-BEES AND SUNFLOWERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The common sunflower, so often seen growing like a weed in cottage gardens, is greatly beloved of bees. When the flowers have been out for a few days they seem to acquire intoxicating properties. Bumble-bees especially are often overcome by the narcotic juices, and are to be found clinging to the pincushion-like bosses of the sunflowers in a state of complete helplessness. The progress of a bumble-bee towards drunkenness is astonishingly human. He will begin on a clump of sunflowers full of busy energy; presently a flower will be reached with juices of a different quality to the rest; a long suck here makes the bee, when he starts for a fresh bloom, lose for the time his power of nicely calculating distance, and his descent into the next sunflower is an undignified tumble. Sometimes his experiences are taken as a warning, and if carefully watched the bee will be observed to gradually shake off his stupidity, and become again his usual busy self. All individuals are not equally endowed with self-control, and some will settle in the strongest sunflower they can find and suck and suck until they are dead to the world. If a drunken bee is stirred up with a little bit of stick, he will turn on his back, wave his legs feebly in the air, while giving vent to a low grumble at being interrupted in his orgy. When the stick is removed he will soon roll round and, plunging his proboscis deep into the flower, become lost to everything but the delights of drink. Some of the large-sized bumble-bees, like the beetles, are surrounded by girdles of parasites. The comparatively large size of the insects which infest them is extraordinary; it is as though a man had a belt of creatures the size of mice clinging round his middle. An intoxicated bumble-bee remains so still that he offers an excellent opportunity for examination with a hand magnifying-glass.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

PLAGUES IN THE HOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—When reading the very interesting account of earwigs recently in COUNTRY LIFE, it struck me I had never seen in any paper a photograph of one with its wings extended, so herewith send a print of one, which I hope may prove interesting to your readers.—FRANCES PITTS.

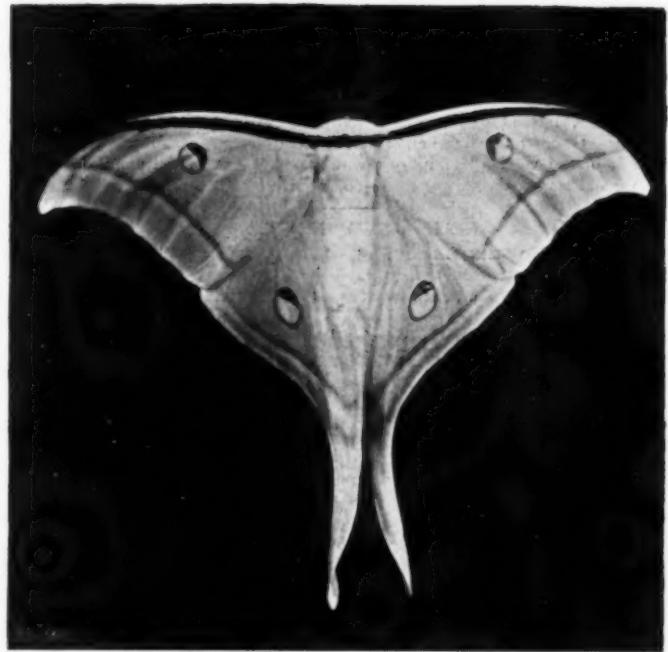
CRAB APPLES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been much interested in the notice of crab apples in your issue of September 18th and, with your permission, I will give you my experience, as I grow them. The writer omits to say what a splendid dessert fruit the better sorts are. John Downie and, I think, the scarlet or crimson Siberian crab are delicious eating. As to the beauty of the trees, both in the spring and autumn, nothing I know of can compare with them; they stand all weathers, and are of most vigorous growth. There is close by my garden wall a magnificent



EARWIG WITH EXTENDED WINGS.



THE MOON MOTH.

specimen of the scarlet or crimson Siberian crab, a mass of crimson and green, I should think 30ft. high. The special crab I grow came from Paul's of Cheshunt, and is apple-shaped, colour bright scarlet and gold, about half the size of a Ribston Pippin or Cox's Orange, and of far finer flavour than any apple I know of; indeed, they are champagne, only solid.

I should never think of stewing such delightful fruit; as well stew peaches and nectarines! My John Downie crabs came from Mr. Burbidge, nurseryman, of Broadstairs, Kent; the odd thing is that none of the shopkeepers cares to buy them, while they readily buy a soft, woolly foreign apple, merely because it has a scarlet skin or coat. Everyone who has a garden ought to grow crabs such as I mention.—B. MORRIS.

THE LONG ARM OF COINCIDENCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—If you care to publish this note you may do so—at your own risk and without my name attached! It is of what happens to those who go down to my loch in boats. A man got a 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. brown trout in it the other day—that was a wonder! But what I have to relate is just as true, but much more extraordinary. A major, son, his friend and a gamekeeper were fishing on September 11th, and the writer rowed himself out to them to ask "What sport?" and the reply was, "Two good trout on minnow; one four and a-quarter, the other three and a-quarter," on which the writer gave his congratulations and rowed off and, as he did so, he shouted out to them, "Look out for a trout with a fly in its mouth." Within four minutes, or rather less, they were fast in a fish! On hearing them shout to me, I turned and rowed to watch the landing. The fish played pretty hard for probably three or four minutes, and it was netted—the minnow was not in the trout's mouth, but was entangled in 2ft. of gut cast, at the far end of which was a fly in the trout's mouth. It weighed 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. A curious part of this tale is that I was unconscious of any knowledge of a fly or flies having been lost recently at any definite period in the loch, and realised this immediately after speaking with a sense of having made a rather inconsequent remark. My gamekeeper told me after that a Dr. B. had lost a fly about the same place, and Dr. B., to whom I sent the fly and gut, says it is his. I think he should have said "was" his, do you not? and he declares the fish he lost was to an inch at the place I described with a diagram, and, he added, "what a wonderful story, but the worst of it is no one will believe it." I begin to wonder if it was true myself; but a J.P., a major in His Majesty's Service, a gamekeeper and an artist's trained eye all can witness that the tale as here told is quite true.—LEVENENSIUS.

PONDS FOR SMALL GARDENS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The inclusion, in a small suburban garden, of a little pond with a rockery around it not only gives scope for the cultivation of water and alpine plants (of which there are so many charming varieties), but serves as a perpetual source of amusement to one's youthful friends, who love to watch the goldfish and frogs, and, moreover, lifts the "cabbage patch" above the ordinary level. The enclosed photograph of my pond, which has been established only a few months and cost but a few shillings to make, may interest your readers.—G. WANSEY SMITH.



A MINIATURE WATER GARDEN.